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Poetry.

WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands!
They are so full, they turn at our demands
Soothing they reach out
With trifles scarcely thought about
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their tired wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words
may be
Said not as slow or quick, or out of place, but
dear,
Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear familiar feet that go
Along the path with mine—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep time—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Nor turning harshly to impute
Save that we love them, and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them! For not blind
To love. We see them, but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be
Faults, then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just old ways, mistakes, or even less,
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers.
Mistaken words to-night
May be so cherished by to-morrow's light;
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to go.

THAT DEPENDS.

SARAH K. BOLTON.

"She is older, far," you say,
"Than the man she weds to-day;

"He will tire of fading cheek,
Whitening hair and body weak;

"Long for youth and girlish grace—
Love another in her place."

That depends! If soul to soul
Wedded be, as parts of whole;

If her minds hath depths for him,
Filled with knowledge to the brim;

If her heart has held him fast
In the leashes of the past,

Making perfect peace and rest;
Satisfied with love's behest;

Two in one, like polar star,
Nothing can their future mar.

Love holds not by voice or eye,
Silken hair or lips that vie

With the roses. Love, complete,
Must be God-like, strong and sweet.

Love knows neither age nor time,
Pure, all healing and sublime.

FIFTY-ONE.

THOMAS W. PARSONS.

Feating is over with me forever;
Fifty is four-and-fifty-over;
No longer I worship the witty and clever;
Things that amused me I loathe and shun.
I have come to the summit and begun
To sink to the vale on the other side;
There's a damp in the air—there's a gloom on
the sun,
Whose waning the vapors of Orcus hide.

And my fellow-travelers, left and right,
Or here by from the track as we downward hie,
To their several homes; they are not in sight—
But I hear the bells as they bid good-bye?
How lonely I feel as I get more nigh
To my destined inn—a dismal place!
Such from all glimpse of the godly sky
And the sunshine of every friendly face.

Yet what is to dread? There's a master there
Full of pity to welcome the weary guest;
He will banish the footsore, and have good care
Of every poor soul that seeks his rest.
I tremble to go to him, unconfessed—
I bear him no letters from priest or pope;
But carry a passport within my breast
Of his own sure word—and a deathless hope.

Our Story Teller.

TWO XMAS GIFTS.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.

A flood of dazzling winter sunshine, reflected from the snow-coverefl street, poured into Mrs. Trevor's nursery, a large cheerful room, filled with evidences of childish occupation.

The golden beams mingled with the sunny curls on top of a little head bent closely over some absorbing employment. Seven-year-old Madge, blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked, was so deeply engrossed that she did not hear the nursery door pushed softly open. Hearing her name spoken, she looked up with a start. In the doorway, smiling pleasantly on her, stood Aunt Clara, furred and cloaked for a winter walk.

"What are you doing, Puss?" inquired the new arrival, giving her niece an ecstatic hug and settling herself comfortably on an ottoman.

"Take off your things, auntie," said Madge, laying her work down and regarding her pretty relative with unqualified pleasure. Then she added, as she resumed her sewing: "It's a great secret, but I'll tell you all about it, if you'll promise not to breathe a word."

Aunt Clara's face instantly grew grave, all but the laughing eyes.

"You may confide in me," she said, solemnly.

Madge raised her eyes from the piece of bright flannel suspended on her needle.

"Can't you guess what it is?" Then, seeing the blank look on her aunt's face, she added: "It's a penwiper, of course."

"What for?" was the next question.

"For a Christmas present, to be sure. It's only a week off." As she spoke, Madge's face expressed surprise at the query.

"And who is to be the fortunate recipient of your gift?"

For a moment the child looked puzzled; then said, gravely: "I suppose you mean, 'Who is it for?' Well, it is for—Tom Lawrence."

"Tom Lawrence?" echoed Miss Clara. Then she continued, quizzically: "You are beginning young—to be sending presents to young men already."

"Tom Lawrence isn't a young man," was the indignant rejoinder. "He's nothing but a boy—only fourteen," and Madge stooped to pick up the tiny thimble which had dropped from the chubby finger in her excitement. "I'll tell you all about it, if you'll be serious," as she caught the gleam of mischief in her aunt's eyes.

"Brother Fred and Tom, you know," continued the small maid, gravely, while her listener bent forward with an air of deep interest, "have been awfully kind to Bell Morgan and me, this winter, taking us sled-rides [illegible] course, I should give Fred a Christmas present, at any rate; but we mother, and it would be nice to give Tom something, he has no sisters, poor boy."

Aunt Clara was silently convulsed at the pitying tone of voice, but she only said, quietly:

"You were quite right, my dear. It is a very good idea. When are you going to present it?" stooping down to hide an irrepressible smile.

"Oh! he will be sure to be over, Christmas morning, to see Fred's things," was the prompt answer. "I shall give it to him then. Don't you think he will be pleased, Aunt Clara?"

"Certainly he will, and you have made it very neatly." The young lady, rose, as she spoke. "Now I must go and see mamma."

"Please don't tell any one—especially Fred—he is such a tease," was the child's parting injunction.

"I promise eternal secrecy," was the reply; and, with finger on her lip, Miss Clara vanished, leaving Madge to continue her occupation.

Christmas morning dawned, clear and cold, and found the Trevor children in a state of high delight. Madge wore an air of extraordinary importance. In the course of the day, Tom appeared, according to expectation. In the temporary absence of Fred, she hastened to him, and, slipping into his hand her little gift, murmured timidly: "You've been very kind to me, Tom, and—I made you this."

Tom looked down at Madge, surprise mingled with the air of magnificent condescension which boys are apt to display toward little girls.

"Thank you," he said, putting the fateful penwiper in his pocket. "It was very kind of you to think of it."

Madge was disappointed at his lack of enthusiasm, no one new it, not even Aunt Clara.

The following autumn, Tom went to college, and, soon after, the Lawrence family moved to another city, so the childish intimacy was broken up completely.

Thirteen years can make great changes in people's lives; they certainly did in the existence of those two children, Tom and Madge. After four years at college, young Lawrence entered the army, and, at the close of the Civil War, came out "Captain Lawrence," wounded, and covered with glory.

"Little Madge" was now Miss Margaret Trevor. No one ever called her by her childish name, and she almost forgot that it had once belonged to her. Time had changed the golden hair into a chestnut-brown, and the blue eyes were so dark as to be almost black. The pretty sunny-haired child had developed into a lovely woman—the loss of her father and reverses of fortune making her thoughtful beyond her years.

After his return from the army, Fred married and settled in his native city. Receiving, through an uncle, her father's brother, who lived in a large Western town, the offer of a good position as teacher, Margaret and her mother went there to live.

For two years, they were very happy in a cozy little house, not far from Mr. Trevor's elegant mansion, Margaret's uncle was a wealthy widower, with only one child, a daughter, about eighteen. Curiously enough, this new cousin was another Madge Trevor, with hair as golden and eyes as blue as Margaret's had been at seven. She had always kept the pet name. Somehow, it would have seemed unnatural to think of her as anything but "Madge."

Mrs. Trevor often laughed and said to her niece: "My dear, you are the image of Margaret when she was only seven. One might easily think you were she—you have grown up exactly as she promised to. When I look at you, I can almost see my little girl again. Margaret has changed so."

The two girls became very intimate. Margaret petted her pretty namesake, who seemed like her childish self come back, and, in turn, was worshipped by her. Madge would have dragged her cousin, had she not resisted, into all the gayety of the place. Sometimes, however, Margaret yielded, rather against her will; and then she was always the object of much admiration.

One bright day, early in October, Madge ran over to see her cousin. Margaret had just come in from school, and, feeling rather tired, was leaning comfortably back in an easychair. She smiled a welcome to her merry visitor, as she took a stool at her feet.

"Horrid old school! I wish you were as idle as I!" she cried, sympathizingly.

But Margaret, half laughingly, shook her head.

After a great deal of lively chatter, to which Margaret listened in amused attention, she broached the real subject of her visit.

"We are invited to the Tauntons', this evening," she began. "Mrs. Taunton particularly asked me to bring you. In fact, she told me I needn't come without you—and I certainly shan't. There won't be many there—only a few people, all of whom you know and like." Madge slipped her hand insinuatingly into her cousin's, as she spoke, seeing refusal written on her face. "You know your mother said you ought to go out more, on account of your health. I intend to make you, this winter—else I'll stay at home too."

"Little special pleader," laughed Margaret, patting the plump fingers clasped in her more slender hand.

"Besides," Madge went on, eagerly, "their wonderful cousin from the East is to honor the occasion,"

"What cousin?"

"Oh, that one that fought and bled and died for his country."

"You mean his ghost, don't you?" interrupted Margaret, laughingly.

"No. A ghostly young man would not be interesting. He was only nearly killed—some wonderful escape."

"You offer me great inducement," began Miss Trevor; "but I think—"

"Don't think anything about it," rising as she spoke: "you are simply going. I won't listen to any refusal. You must meet this remarkable Tom Lawrence," she added

"Tom Lawrence?" Margaret's face expressed astonishment.

"Yes. That's the cousin."

"O-o-h!" And Margaret settled back into her easy chair.

"What's the matter, dear?" queried Madge, struck by the change in her cousin's face; and she seated herself again.

"Nothing, little Miss Curiosity—only I knew a Tom Lawrence ever so long ago, when I was a small girl. He wasn't much of a hero then, so it's probably not the same."

"Very likely it is. Won't that be fun? Tell me all about him." Madge's questioning face expressed great interest.

Margaret laughed, as she pinched her cousin's rosy cheek.

"He went away to college when I was seven or eight, and I never saw him again. So we wouldn't remember each other very well."

"But you will go?" Madge spoke in her most coaxing tone. "You will go, now?" she repeated.

"Why now?" was the laughing rejoinder.

"Because I am sure it is your Tom Lawrence."

"And I feel positive it isn't. However, that doesn't matter, dear. Since you plead so hard and wish me to go so much, I will consent. Now are you happy?"

After many protestations of delight, Madge took her departure.

Quite a number of gay young people gathered in Mrs. Taunton's handsome parlors. Among them, eclipsed in beauty by none, were the two cousins—Madge full of curiosity, at which the other was inclined to smile.

Everybody looked at the hero of the evening, as the general introduction was gone through. It was a group of bewilderingly-pretty faces; but, amongst them all, that arrested Lawrence's attention was a lovely oval, naturally rather pale, but just a little flushed, large blue-gray eyes, and coils of soft chestnut hair framing the delicate face and enhancing its loveliness. But he did not recognize "little Madge."

As for Margaret, she saw a tall fine-looking soldierly man, but with the same frank brown eyes and close-cropped auburn hair as the boy Tom Lawrence. She felt sure it must be he.

After some general conversation, someone turned to Captain Lawrence and said: "Do tell us about your experience in the war. You were all through it—were you not?"

He admitted that such was the case, and, everybody urging the request, after a little hesitation he complied with it. Modestly but in a very entertaining way, Tom told some stories of camp and battle, to which every one listened delightedly. The evening was slipping rapidly by, when Mrs. Taunton interrupted him.

"Tell us how you came to escape death in such a strange way," she said. "Your mother wrote me something about it."

The animated attention of his audience induced him to continue, particularly the intently-interested gaze of a pair of dark eyes.

"Well," he began, "it was at the battle of Fair Oaks, in the very hercest of that bloody fight. We were in close quarters, and were trying to do each other all the damage we could. Amidst the uncertain and confused firing going on around me, some one took aim at me."

Margaret gave a little shudder, and Madge nestled up closer to her.

"It was a perilously certain aim," went on Tom, his voice grown a trifle husky. "Never, as long as I live, shall I forget the instant that elapsed between the flash and the bullet-shock. I never faced death quite so close. The ball struck me right in the heart; or, rather, it would have, had not something hard in my breast pocket, just over my heart, made it rebound."

"And what is it?" cried a dozen listeners, as Tom stopped for a moment. Margaret leaned eagerly forward with the rest, a look of almost painful anxiety in the beautiful eyes.

Tom put his hand in his pocket, and slowly drew out—while every gaze was turned questioningly on him—a flannel rosette, its once gay colors faded, fastened together in the middle by a large metal button. Margaret recognized it at once—the penwiper she had given him, thirteen years ago!

The preservative of Capt. Lawrence's life was solemnly passed about for inspection. The company viewed it with feelings of curiosity mingled almost with awe. It seemed very nearly miraculous. For a moment, no one spoke.

Margaret took her gift of long ago, and looked at it with mingled feelings. How strangely providence had decreed that her childish token should save a life. Unknowingly, she had been of greater use to her old playmate than she had dreamed she could be to any human being. How strange it all seemed. She handed the penwiper back to Tom, and he restored it carefully to its former resting place.

"This was given to me," he continued, while one, at least, of his auditors listened closely, "thirteen years ago, by a little girl, sister of one of my schoolmates, when I was a boy at home. I used to take her riding on my sled, and I supposed she wished to show her appreciation of my kindness. She little knew what a service she rendered me."

Margaret drew a long breath.

"What is it?" whispered her cousin.

"Nothing, dear. Listen"

Tom was saying: "When I went to college, the next autumn, I took the penwiper with me in my writing-desk, and very useful I found it. How it came to be packed up with the few things I carried with me when I joined the army, I can't imagine; but, strangely enough, it was. Just before the battle of Fair Oaks I was writing a letter home. I remember thrusting it into my breast-pocket, and smiling to think how that little penwiper had accompanied me in all my travels. I believe I had a sort of superstitution about it, even then. Of course, as you may suppose, the feeling is very much stronger now. I would not part with my talisman for worlds. I am sure all my luck would go with it."

Everybody smiled, but Tom looked quite serious.

"But you haven't told us about the little girl yet," cried Madge Trevor. "What is her name, and what became of her? Of course you will marry her as a reward for saving your life?" There was a gleam of mischief in the merry blue eyes.

Capt. Lawrence smiled.

"She is probably married to some one else by this time," he said. "We moved away from Boston while I was at college, and I lost sight of her altogether." As he spoke, the flush deepened a little on his bronzed face.

"But," persisted Madge, mischievously, unmindful of Miss Trevor's admonitory touch, "you haven't told us her name."

Tom started, suddenly struck by the resemblance of his pretty questioner to his recollection of little Madge.

"If you tell us her name, perhaps we can help you find her," this other Madge was saying. "She may be poor and friendless and in need of your assistance."

"If Captain Lawrence had such serious intention, he probably does not care to tell her name," said Margaret, in her clear voice.

Tom looked from one to the other. Did he wish, could his childhood's friend appear, that she should take the semblance of the last speaker? At any rate, the first was more like his memory of her.

He laughed, saying: "You have teased me so much about it, that I shall not gratify your curiosity." and the subject was dropped.

The remainder of the evening passed pleasantly enough, and soon the guests rose to go. As they were making their laughing adieus, some one spoke Madge Trevor's name. Tom, who was standing neat, watching Miss Trevor, turned in astonishment—those blue eyes and golden curls could belong to but one Madge Trevor.

"Great heaven!" he exclaimed, so low that only the two cousins heard him. "Can that be my Madge Trevor?"

As the party walked home in the moonlight together, chatterbox Madge was unusually silent. Everybody, with the exception of the two girls, discussed Captain Lawrence and his adventures. They said nothing.

When they parted from Margaret, at her own door, Madge whispered in her ear, while she shook her finger in mock solemnity:

"I've guessed it all now. Isn't it queer?"

Once in her own parlor, Margaret drew her mother down beside her on the sofa, and told her the strange story.

"But," she added, when Mrs. Trevor's astonishment had subsided a little, "he mistook Madge for me and you must not undeceive him. Let him continue so think as long as possible." And, with this understanding, Margeret went to bed, too excited to sleep.

On her return from school, the next day, she found her mischievous namesake curled up in an easy chair by the fire. As she entered, Madge sprang forward in great glee.

"Let me sit down; I am tired to death," was the greeting the visitor received, and Margaret sank contentedly into the vacated seat. Her cousin took her usual place at her feet.

"I see it all now," she went on, eagerly, gazing up into Margaret's face with high delight. "It is just like a romance. You said you knew a Tom Lawrence once, and you lived in Boston when you were a little girl, and you gave him that wonderful penwiper, and—" Here she stopped, for lack of breath.

Margaret put her fingers in her ears, in pretended horror; but her inquisitor would not let her off.

"Come—tell me: am I not right?"

"I suppose I may as well submit," said the persecuted one, smiling. "Since you have guessed it—yes, you are right."

The mischievous blue eyes of her listener danced.

"The best of it is, he thought I was you."

"Yes, and you must contrive to let him still think so," was the unexpected reply.

Madge looked up in amazement.

"It was a very natural mistake," the other continued. "You look so like me—or, rather, so like me when I was a child. I wouldn't undeceive him for the world."

"Why not?" asked Madge.

"Oh, because," was the reply. "Don't you think it will be rather a joke? You always enjoy a hoax so much, here is a splendid opportunity for one. Promise me, now, to keep it up. It will be such fun for you, dear."

Madge laughed.

"But how can I do it?" she asked. "I don't think it will be possible."

"Nonsense—with your cleverness! Why, it will be the easiest thing in the world. Just evade direct questions—which, being a woman, you can surely do. The rest will be easy enough. He is so sure of your identity now, that it will not be difficult to confirm his impression." And Margaret stooped, as she spoke, to pick a thread off the carpet.

With her gentleness, when really determined, Miss Trevor had the stronger will; so, at last, her cousin yielded.

"He can't know very much about me," laughed Margaret; "we have not met since I was seven years old."

Having once promised, mischievous Madge entered thoroughly into the spirit of the jest.

"Will he not recognize your mother?" she asked.

"Mamma has changed almost as much as I, since her hair is gray. So I think we are safe," was the prompt reply.

Having sealed, signed and delivered the compact, the two conspirators parted.

Meanwhile, Tom Lawrence sat in the solitude of his own room, thinking. In his hand, he held his fortunate Christmas gift. As he looked at it thoughtfully, he wondered whether the face he had so lately seen was indeed that of the child he had known long ago. He felt sure it must be; and yet, another face rose before him, not so bright, perhaps, but with a womanly thought of sweetness in it that might have made it seem fairer to many.

Strange, if fate had brought them together again. It would certainly be the fulfillment of his dreams; for the one grain of romance in his practical nature had been the hope of some day meeting sunny-haired Madge and winning her for his wife. Perhaps that was what fate meant.

The next two months fled swiftly and pleasantly. Nearly every night, some gayety was afoot, of which Madge was the life and soul. She kept her word about insisting on Margaret's accompanying her everywhere; and, indeed, she had a less difficult task than she had expected. After a little resistance, Margaret yielded gracefully and she became as great a favorite as her livelier but more thoughtless namesake. As a matter of course, wherever they went, they met Captain Lawrence, who was still staying with Mrs. Taunton. He was quite devoted to Madge; but, as the two cousins were almost inseparable, he saw nearly as much of one as of the other. He and Madge were on such good terms, that some persons said she encouraged him, while Margaret always treated him with a certain reticence. Mr. Trevor's close resemblance to his brother, and the fact that his family had also lived several years in Boston, made it easy for Madge to maintain her assumed character. She contrived to confirm decidedly, though indirectly, Tom's first impression; and, if he was a little disappointed, he hardly knew it himself. But there ever, athwart his dreams of the golden hair and bright eyes he saw so often, dart the vision of another face quite as familiar? Who shall say?

December had come, and was speeding fast away. It was a regular old-fashioned December, bringing plenty of snow and ice, with all sorts of winter sports in their train.

On her return, one day, from a sleigh-ride she had taken with Capt. Lawrence, Madge "dropped in," as was her custom, to see her cousin.

"If it weren't for that horrid old school, you might have gone too," she pouted.

Margaret frowned slightly, but made no reply.

After expatiating on the pleasure of the drive, she exclaimed gaily, with a smile that showed her pearly teeth:

"It's all very well till he begins to ask me questions about Fred—then he poses me. Please have your brother send me his autobiography, else I shall betray myself most ignominiously."

"What a goose you are!" laughed Margaret. "I wish you knew Fred." And there the conversation ended.

One stormy night, rather more than a week before Christmas, Margaret sat alone in the cozy little room back of the parlor, some embroidery in her hands. For a wonder, there was no festivity in progress, and, Madge being away from home for a day or two, she was left to her own devices. Her mother had gone to bed early, with a headache, and she was anticipating a quiet evening—something she had not enjoyed for a long time. There was nobody to disturb her, and she was glad to have a little leisure to think.

Outside, the heavy snow was falling faster and faster, drifting on pavement and step. A keen north-wind whistled down the chimneys and round the corners of the houses.

Inside, all was warm and bright. The snug little room in which Margaret sat served the purpose of a library, though hardly to be dignified by that name. Bookcases and pictures covered the walls, plants filled the windows, and several easychairs stood invitingly around. Margaret, in a bright winter dress, sat close to the little center-table, on which stood a brass lamp. Through its rosy shade, the light fell in a softened glow over the fair face and white hands. The embroidery lay idle in her lap, for she had fallen into a deep reverie.

A loud ring at the bell roused her.

"Dear me!" was her annoyed exclamation. "I thought I should be free from callers, to-night."

Just then the small maid announced: "Captain Lawrence," and immediately after, that gentleman appeared.

Certainly, the scene before him presented a charming contrast to the storm outside. No wonder the intruder lingered a moment to gaze at it.

Margaret stepped forward. A subtle change, first of pleasure, then of something different, passed over her face, deepening slightly the flush in her cheeks.

"Good evening, Capt. Lawrence. Did you snow down? I feared the storm would keep everybody indoors to-night."

"Oh, an old campaigner doesn't mind the weather, you know," was the laughing reply.

"I will light the lamp in the parlor," said Margaret.

"Mayn't I come in here? Don't let me interrupt your work, and I shall be still better pleased." As he spoke, he took possession of an easy-chair on the other side of the table, opposite Margaret, thus gaining a excellent view of the fair face.

She resumed her embroidery, and the two chatted pleasantly for some time. In the course of the conversation, Madge's name was mentioned, and Miss Trevor remarked that she was out of town.

"Yes, so her father told me. I met him, to-day," replied Tom.

There was just the slightest compression of the red lips. So this was why she was indebted to him for the pleasure of his society!

A dainty work-basket stood on the table, by the lamp. Tom began, man-fashion, idly to finger its contents; a little worn leather needle-case, the only shabby article in it, attracted his attention. He picked it up and opened it; it was filled with leaves of tinsel that had once been bright.

"This has seen war," he said, smiling and holding it up.

Margaret, intent on her embroidery at that moment, just glanced at the case.

"Yes," she answered, carelessly, "it has. I've had it ever since I was a little girl."

"Did your cousin give it to you?" As Tom spoke, he was struck by the familiar look of the faded case.

"Oh, no," said Margaret, her eyes still on the mistake in her work. "I found the material in mamma's scrap-bag, and made it myself." As she finished, it flashed across her what else she had made from the same bits of flannel.

Tom leaned forward; Margaret's face was in full view, and he could see the sudden change that passed over it.

"Tell me," he said, almost excitedly; "how did your cousin get those same pieces to make my penwiper?"

Margaret was silent.

Several things in the past two months came back to him.

"Did you give them to her, Miss Trevor?" he persisted.

Between anger at herself and something more, she could not speak.

"Now I am sure," he cried: "your name is Margaret, too. It was Madge once. You saved my life. Can't you guess why I care? Margaret, I love you."

Margaret rose, her slight figure drawn to its full height.

"Thank you, Captain Lawrence, for the honor you do me—but you have made a mistake; it is Madge you are thinking of. You are not bound to marry me because, inadvertently, I saved your life." She spoke calmly and slowly.

"But I thought she was you—I mean, it is you I love," he cried, desperately.

"You are getting hopelessly confused, Captain Lawrence; it is useless to continue the conversation. I have no desire to supplant Madge in your regard. You have been devoted enough to her for the last two months. To-morrow night, she will be home."

Tom rose also.

"But," he began, "let me explain—"

"It is unnecessary, and would be of no use. Pardon me—but I must ask you to excuse me." And, with the grace of a queen, Margaret slowly withdrew.

The following week, everybody was busy preparing for Christmas, so there was nothing going on. In this way, Margaret managed to avoid meeting Captain Lawrence, and, Madge being very much occupied, she saw less of that small personage than usual.

The day before Christmas, Madge brought her work over and settled herself in her usual seat.

"I have come to spend the afternoon and have a long talk," she announced. "I have hardly seen you lately. Do you know you are looking pale?"

Margaret glanced up from her knitting—she could not bear the sight of her embroidery.

"I have a headache—that's all," she said.

"Poor dear, you need petting; but you must wait till you hear my news. Capt. Lawrence leaves for home, the day after Christmas. Isn't it unexpected?" As she spoke, she looked innocently up into her cousin's face.

"Rather, I should think; but you probably know best." In spite of herself, Margaret looked a little startled.

"I? What have I to do with Capt. Lawrence's going? He isn't in love with me." Madge rose as she spoke, and faced her cousin with a very determined expression of countenance.

Margaret looked up in astonishment.

"It is you who are responsible for his going away," continued the small mentor, sternly.

"You and he have been quarreling, and it's about me. Don't deny it. He spent an evening with you last week. I know all about it. He has been trying very hard to fancy himself in love with me, but I've seen through it. He talked to me, but he looked at you. He doesn't want me any more than I want him. You saved his life; now take it. Send for him right away and make up, like a good children. I shan't speak to you till you do, remember!" And, with this parting injunction, impetuous Madge brought her "afternoon" to an abrupt close.

Left to herself, Margaret felt wretched enough. She realized her own folly, yet what could she do? Was it likely that Tom would ever come back to her? And she—how could she send for him?

The short winter afternoon drew to a close, and Margaret was still sitting by her sewing-table, the picture of despair. Suddenly, she noticed the little needle-case lying open, and a light broke over her face. Seizing her scissors, she ruthlessly severed the leaves. Into the thimble, scarcely larger than the one she had worn thirteen years ago, she slipped her slender finger, and, taking needle and thread, fashioned a rosette. In the middle, she fastened a large metal button, evolved from the depth of the family button-bag. With trembling fingers, she made a neat package of it and addressed it to "Captain Lawrence." Then she ran out and posted it.

Another Christmas morning dawned, clear and cold, bringing its usual heavy mail to nearly every one. The Taunton family was no exception. Besides several letters, a small package fell to Tom's share. He looked at it, and, thinking he recognized the handwriting, hurried up to his room to open it. Can you guess what he did then?

Two hours later, when Madge ran over to see whether her aunt and cousin were coming to dinner, she found, to her delight, Tom and Margaret together.

"My second Christmas-gift was better than my first," he had just been saying. "The first gave me life—the second gave me you."

A HAND'S BREADTH

From Where the Chin Will Touch the Neck.

The fashionable ladies have lost an inch from their dresses. There is no mistake about it. It looked that way on the first night of grand opera, and by the second night there was no longer a doubt about it. The inch first showed its absence in about half the boxes, scattered here and there on the two private tiers of the great golden opera-house. The daughter of a famous light of the bar, the young wife of an ancient Knickerbocker business house, and the fascinating widow of the head of a dynasty of land barons on Manhattan Island, had all lost something more than an inch of their low-cut gowns on the first night, and as they lead the fashion we might all have known what was coming; yet here and there were seen other ladies of the field of the cloth of gold whose necks were no more uncovered than last year. However, every one of these was a matron, with her young daughtess around her, like chicks keeping close to the maternal bird. It would never have done for such a radical movement to be led by the mothers; and even to-day some of the parental pillars of fashion have got the upper edge of their opera dresses just a hands bredth from where the chin will touch the neck.

There is said to have been a great commotion after the first opera night. Even the haughtiest modistes, who like to go out of an evening themselves, and who never break business rules except for those whose husbands settle the bills without a murmur, even these swell dressmakers had to sit up late and begin work early to cut an inch off all the dresses that poured in upon them after the opening of the opera. And when Friday night came it was not the accurate aim than that of the others, threw an apple which hit him plump in the stomach. As the apple struck him he instinctively slapped his hand over his stomach, and in doing so caught the apple against his vest. It was then that he deliberately took out his penknife, coolly proceeded to peel it, and then began eating it. The mob, which had up to this time been savage in its attacks, broke out in roars of laughter, and Butler won the day. The speech he delivered was a 'corker.' One of the mildest things that he told his listeners was that when he was in New Orleans he had hanged better men than then were."—*New York Telegram.*

Something that Makes Foreigners Stare at Our Women.

A new opera was given at the Metropolitan last week, and a very full house greeted its first representation on Wednesday evening. Although the curtain did not fall until after midnight, or, perhaps, on that very account, Delmonico's dining hall was crowded with supper parties after the opera was over. The custom of taking ladies to a public restaurant in the small hours of the morning, the ladies being in full dress, and often dispensing with their cloaks and wraps while they partake of refreshments and chat and laugh as if they were at home, is of very doubtful propriety. To say that foreigners look askance at the women who are seen in these places, and at the men who bring them there, is no reflection whatever upon the customs, as Englishmen are the ones who most frequently offend in this way; but right-thinking men of our own country should frown down upon a fashion that exposes their wives and daughters to so much unfavorable criticism.—*N. Y. Letter.*

Devotion to Principle.

"Have you heard that Jones' wife has twins?"

"What! again?"

"Oh, well, large families are so English, you know, and Jones is the worst Anglomaniac you ever saw."

Eclipses in 1889.

In the year 1889 there will occur five eclipses, three of the sun and two of the moon. A total eclipse of the sun will occur January 1, partly visible at Washington as a partial eclipse, the sun setting eclipsed. The second eclipse, being a partial eclipse of the moon, will occur January 16, visible at Washington and generally in Europe, Africa, North and South America, and the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The third will be an annular eclipse of the sun, June 25, invisible at Washington. The fourth will be a partial eclipse of the moon, July 12, invisible at Washington, but visible generally in Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia, the Atlantic ocean and the easterly portion of South America. The fifth will be a total eclipse of the sun, December 21 and 22, invisible at Washington.

Humor.

ONE KIND OF A WEDDING.

The Voices of the Occasion—Supposed to be Overheard in the Church.

[St. Magog's, 7:30 P. M.—Awning up and steps carpeted. Populace beginning to assemble without. Within, ushers struggling with new kids and nervously re-arranging already re-arranged neckties.]

Head usher (flurried and perspiring)—Relatives there—first four pews, you understand—and for heaven's sake don't make any mistake, for they'll all be down upon me if you do. Harry, don't stand in front of the couple, as you did at rehearsal—keep back. Charlie and Fred, you lead up the right hand aisle, you know. Keep your eyes on me, and don't walk too fast. You made an awful mess of it this afternoon. And—quick, there's a party!—the Sachet girls. Remember to take their wraps—you're always forgetting that.

[Guests arrive rapidly (every one wishing a seat on the center aisle). Ushers active—tongues of guests likewise.]

Gushing maiden—Now, Mr. Clawhammer, do give me a nice front pew, won't you? I'm so anxious to see the last of dear Milly.

Friend of the groom—St. Harry! Give me a stall—no, no, I mean a pew—few rows back, opposite center of sta—there I go again!—chancel! Why, where's my check?—oh, no don't need any, do I?—beg pardon—little out of my line, this!

George—Confound the luck. All the pretty girls take Charley's aisle and I don't get anybody but old ladies and married people.

Mrs. Pusher (very calmly)—what do you say?—these seats reserved for family? Oh, what a blunder I've made! Well, never mind—one won't make much difference; and, if necessary, I can move, of course. I'll stay here for the present, thanks. (And she does as she had intended from the first.)

Sympathetic soul—Why, there's poor Bert! How could he bear to come here, feeling as he must? Ever since the cards were out, I hear, he's lived on nothing but seltzer and sandwiches—

Second sympathetic soul—And he's lost his situation at the railroad office just for writing a sonnet, "Another's Bride," on the fly leaf of the oil and waste account!

Both (pityingly)—Poor fellow!

Slighted matron—Those Joneses have been put six rows ahead of me. Who are they, I should like to know?

Ancient person—I'm a relative? Yes. Young man, I am! I knew the family long before Caleb went into pork—and glad enough he used to be to dine with his old aunt and save a meal, when he—(Is left undisturbed.)

Miss Verjuice—It's reported that more than half the presents are her sister Mary's, lent for the occasion. Mrs. Pryer's sure she recognizes the French clock she gave Mary four years ago; while, as for Mr. Chine's $1,000 check, I don't believe it was ever meant to be cashed. And the groom's diamonds may or may not be rhine-stones, but this much is certain—he's quite afraid all. He's an older man than I supposed—handsome, don't you think? Why, he's forty if a day—and bald, too! They call that a Worth, but Lon says Snipper made it on the sly! She's cool enough, I must say! I wouldn't marry a man like that, if I never——. Poor fellow, he's yet to see her in one of her tantrums! Her mother looks pleased, doesn't she? Should think she would, after three years of struggle. How white she is!—not becoming at all. Well, she's disposed of at last!

The gentlemen—Jove, she's a beauty. I could have had her, if I'd chosen. Rather a poor sort of chap for the girl. How he'd squirm if he knew the number of times I've taken her driving! Wonder if she remembers what a time we had together only last summer!—etc., etc.

The clergyman—Dearly beloved—

The bride (sotto voce)—Augustus, you're the ring, haven't you? Now, don't drop it, when—

The clergyman—Take this man—to love, cherish and to—

The bride—Be gay!

The groom—And with all my worldly goods I thee endow.

The clergyman—Amen.

The organ—Lohengrin Wedding March.

The populace (outside)—Hi, hi!

Everybody.—They say he's { got an awful temper. almost constantly intoxicated. lost all his money. some relation to Lady Simbery Ax. been engaged nine times. four wives living. worth a million. dead beat.

And she's { jilted a French count. never had an offer before. acted like a fool. crazy about Charley. dreadfully extravagant. meanest man in the moment. done all the love-making. over thirty.

The populace (outside)—Hi, hi! Here dey comes!

[In the vestibule. Enter bridal party all more or less excited. Bride, carefully unwrapped, is smoothed and pinked into shape by family, who endeavor at once to lighten up her ruffled spirits.]

Gushing maiden—Come, dear, don't be frightened—it'll soon be over—and, whatever you do, don't bend too far forward, it'll muss your hair—it's a great trial, I know—and that's why I insisted on knife-plaiting—Augustus, keep your mind on the ceremony—and your feet off her dress, please—she's so sensitive—and the gathers mayn't come out.

The bride's mother—Now, Mr. Clawhammer!

Head usher—All ready, organ!

The bride's sister—Oh, stop, do stop a minute! Bertha, have you a pin? Just a second! There!

Head usher—All ready, or—!

The bride's mother—Wait, wait! Good gracious, Milly, one of your hairpins shows as plainly as can be! It's right now!

Head usher—All read—

The bride—Oh, Bertha, I'm positive my train isn't straight—it pulls awfully when I move! That's better.

Head usher—All—

The bride's other sister—Oh h-h-h-h! Milly, darling, here's your handkerchief—I almost forgot—and—what else—

Head usher desperate at last, and ignoring every attempt to stop him)—All ready, organ—ready, ready—go ahead there—start—begin—play up!

[The organ begins prelude to march. Head usher, unconsciously melodramatic, speaks through music, videlicet:]

Head usher (whispering)—George, keep step with me—left foot, when I give the word—not too fast, and look straight ahead. Now!

The organ—} Mendelssohn's Wedding March.

Head usher—} For—ward!

[Enter procession, encountering crossfire of stares, scandal, criticisms and comments.]

The ladies—Oh, isn't that dress——! Belle, she's certainly powdered—I'm sure of it. It's Alencon, isn't it?—the veil, I mean—no, Chantilly—it can't be Brussels—that's quite all. He's an older man than I supposed—handsome, don't you think? Why, he's forty if a day—and bald, too! They call that a Worth, but Lon says Snipper made it on the sly! She's cool enough, I must say! I wouldn't marry a man like that, if I never——. Poor fellow, he's yet to see her in one of her tantrums! Her mother looks pleased, doesn't she? Should think she would, after three years of struggle. How white she is!—not becoming at all. Well, she's disposed of at last!

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The groom—And with all my worldly goods I thee endow.

The clergyman—Amen.

The organ—Lohengrin Wedding March.

The populace (outside)—Hi, hi!

Why They No Longer Speak.

"I'm going to take riding lessons," she said, as she leaned her head against his shoulder.

"Indeed?"

"Yes; and my father is going to buy me a horse."

"Ah!" he murmured, as he fondled one of her red auburn tresses; "a white one, of course."

Two minutes later he was wending his way home a sad and solitary man.

Knew All She Wanted.

"Where have you been, Mr. Boosby?" asked an irate wife early in the morning.

"Bin out watchin' the leckshun returns."

"Humph! That's a nice occupation for a man like you."

"My dear, don't you care nuzzhin' 'bout er (hic) pittical sitshashun? You ought to know 'bout she returns."

"I know all I want to about election returns. In your case they mean return home drunk every time. Now take off your boots and keep quiet or I'll call ma."

No Cause for Worry.

Judge B. (with emphasis)—"Clara, is that George fellow coming around here again to-night?"

Clara (hopelessly)—"I believe so, papa."

Recent Literature.

Lee & Shepard, Boston, have just issued a new edition of "Our Standard-Bearer, or the Life of General Ulysses S. Grant as Seen and Related by Capt. Bernard Galligasken and Written Out by Oliver Optics." This work was exceedingly popular, and passed through many editions, but for some time has been out of print. That these enterprising publishers have brought it out again is a proof that it has been called for. Some additions has been made to the original lively biography, comprising the civil career of Grant as President for two terms; his remarkable journey abroad; his life in New York; his sickness, death and burial. The bright inspiriting way in which the principal events in the life of one in whom the nation takes an undying interest are given, makes the book fascinating for all classes of readers, and it will undoubtedly have another large sale. Illustrated by Thomas Nast.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was for so many years the favorite poet of the nation, the real poet laureate of the United States, that "His Life, His Works, His Friendships," written by George Lowell Austin will meet with a pleasant reception. The author was a personal friend of Mr. Longfellow's and had every opportunity to obtain the materials for such a work, and he has used them carefully and conscientiously. The result is what he desired to make it,—a clear but popular picture of the poet's literary life. His strictly personal and private life has been purposely avoided, but enough has been given to show the exquisite loveliness of his character, his gentle loving spirit, and the entire unselfishness that marked all of his relations in life. None can open the volume without deriving immediate pleasure, which will continue throughout its pages. It is well illustrated, and the frontispiece is a fine portrait of the poet. Published by Lee & Shepard, Boston.

The same publishers issue a bright story for boys by J. T. Trowbridge, entitled "Peter Budstone, The Boy Who Was Hazed." It recites the terrible results of one of these so-called sports which are really outrages. The boy who was hazed became insane from its effect, first nearly dying with brain fever. His subsequent history, the queer fancies which he would take, and which would cause him to do strange things, are all related in a simple picturesque style which renders the story interesting, while it points a moral with exceeding clearness. The self-reproach of the young man who was the ringleader in the affair finally brings some relief to the afflicted family of the poor boy.

"At the Mercy of Tiberias" is a novel by Augusta Evans Wilson, author of "Beulah St. Elmo," "Infelice," etc. The readers of the former works of this author will remember have their strained pedantry which was made constantly apparent to the marring in each case of a plot which would otherwise found many delighted readers among the lovers of the sensational. The present story has the same fault, and while no one can deny that Mrs. Wilson possesses genius in the way of constructing plots and working them out, and that she often uses a pathos that is exceedingly touching, many of her best scenes are injured by the tawdry words in which they are described. It is a pity that "At the Mercy of Tiberias" could not have been freed from this defect, for otherwise it is a brilliant story. It is published by G. W. Dillingham, New York.

"White Cockades," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, is the title of a book by Edward Irenæus Stevenson, which will delight boys of an adventurous turn, and especially those with a taste for history. It is a story of the days of the Pretender, and the scene is laid in the Scottish Highlands. It is during the time when "bonnie Prince Charlie" was a hunted refugee, with a price set upon his head. The central figure of the story is Prince Charlie himself, who, in disguise, and unknown to those about him, was staying in the house of a country gentleman. His adventures while in hiding, the dangers he encountered and his escape to France furnish the material for the story.

From the same publishers comes "The Modern Vikings," in which the author, Hjalmar Hjarth Boyesen brings together twelve stories of Norse life and adventure, originally written for the magazines. Professor Boyesen has a vivid style, and his description of life and adventure in the North are in a breezy manner as the winds that blow over the Norwegian hills. Each of the stories has its appropriate illustration. The book is dedicated "To the Three Vikings: Hjalmar, Algernon and Bayard," the three children, we presume, of the author. They are sturdy-looking little rogues as shown in their portraits. The *raison d'etre* of the book is thus explained in the concluding stanza of the poetical introduction—

"For my vikings love song and saga,
Like their conquering fathers of old;
And these are some of the stories
To the three little tyrants I told."

The "Hundreth Man," by Frank Stockton, which is published by the Century company, New York, is somewhat of a disappointment to the author's admirers. In one of his short stories he tells how hard it is for authors to live up to the reputation achieved by one popular hit, and he is without doubt prepared to understand, and even sympathize with, this disappointment of readers who have not found what they expected in his last novel. Short stories are his forte. Upon his own ground he is immitable; but the flavor of his drollery, his quaint humor and repressed pathos, and the fervor of his rich imagination need the limitations of circumscribed and narrowed time and space in order to obtain it from their best work.

Harper & Brothers, New York, issue "Dialect Poems," by Charles F. Adams. In this little volume is collected the various contributions of the author to different periodicals since the publication of his clever "Little Yacob Strauss" and other poems a number of years ago. Many of them have gone the rounds of the press so many times that the public is thoroughly familiar with them, and they all contain that subtle element of popularity which is easy to feel, but difficult to describe. The volume is handsomely printed and capitally illustrated by M. J. Sweeney.

From O. Judd & Co., New York, comes a very practical volume entitled "Fences, Gates and Bridges," edited by George A. Martin. In the preface is the statement that the building and maintenance of the farm fences of the United States have cost more than the construction of the buildings, and it is to be shown how these important parts of the farm have been improved from the first road barrier of logs to the latest farm of barbed wire, that the work has been written. The book contains 300 illustrations.

From the Appleton's, New York, comes "His Helpmate," by Frank Barrett, the author of "The Great Helper," etc.; "The Right Honorable," by Justin McCarthy, M. P., and Mrs. Campbell-Praed; "The How I Was Educated Papers," from the *Forum Magazine*, and "The Advance of Science in the last Half Century," by T. H. Huxley, F. R. S., all in pamphlet form and all of interest to the reading public. The first and third are 30 cents each; the second 50 cents, and the last 25 cents.

The "Story of the American Indian," by Elbridge S. Brooks is issued by D. Lothrop Company, Boston. It is a simple straight forward story, told in strong language, of an injured race. The author is evidently in earnest, and both young and old will find it full of interest. The following explains the drift of the work: The many and connecting theories as to the Indian's origin have been sifted and debated, and what seems the most practical and the simplest explanation is given. The condition and culture of the red man through a thousand years of supremacy before the era of discovery are thoughtfully stated. The story of colonial mistreatment and of national indifference are told and the real story of the Indian is here set down in the plainest but most forcible manner. The book is prettily bound and well illustrated.

Fords, Howard & Hurlbut, New York, issue "Royal Truths," which is a reproduction of an old favorite, containing many of the sayings of Mr. Beecher's that were helps over hard places. This re-issue will meet a welcome. As, while the excerpts are not mere paragraphs, but occupy from a half page to two pages, they are well selected with reference to a terse and condensed putting of the idea or sentiment involved; and being short and easily read, they will be useful at times when a volume of entire discourses might be impracticable. $1.25.

Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, publish "The Passion of Life," by Jessie Wilson Manning, is a little book of poems that are not likely to attract wide attention, for while there are passages that are pretty, the whole does not give evidence of a genuine poetic talent.

"Pickings from Puck, the Fourth Crop," is as full of funny things as might be expected. It will do to make the reader laugh when his spirits are low. Published by Keppler & Schwarzmann, New York.

In the Boys' Home Library comes from A. L. Burt, New York, as a November number, "Adrift in the Wilds," by Edward S. Ellis. These pamphlets are published at $2.50 a year.

A little pamphlet from the John W. Lovell Company, New York, is "Tax the Area," which purports to be a solution of the land problem, by Kemper Bocock.

Literary Notes.

Lucifer calls Tolstoi a true theosophist.

H. Rider Haggard contemplates writiug a sequel to "She."

De Lesseps' "Recollections of Forty Years" will shortly be published in an English translation.

Moncure D. Conway has written a novel —"Pine and Palm—which Henry Holt & Co. will publish soon.

Charles Scribner's Sons will publish Mr. Froude's new work simultaneously with its appearance in London.

A recent number of Cassell's *National Library* is "Human Nature and Other Sermons," by Joseph Butler.

Max O'Rell, it is reported, has started for this country, and is booked to lecture on the 14th inst. in Chickering Hall, New York.

Worthington Company have published a woman's life of George Washington, "Life of Washington," by Virginia F. Townsend. Illustrated. One volume.

A beautiful border, painted in gold, will ornament the Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine*. This issue will complete the first year of this extraordinarily successful periodical.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have concluded to issue in a cloth edition of "The Man Who Was Guilty," by Flora Haines Longhead, whose significance and pathos made a strong impression.

Parsons, one of the condemned anarchists, is said to have completed and placed in the hands of his wife for publication a book of nearly 300 pages. It is a history of anarchism and its causes.

The first edition of 5,000 copies of the Brownie book, published by the Century Co., is exhausted and a new edition is on the press. The eighth thousand of "The Hundredth Man," is also to be printed.

A book of great interest to Bible students and which has enjoyed an immense circulation is "Millennial Dawn: The Plan of the Ages." It is published in paper cover by the Tower Publishing company, Allegheny, Pa.

Mr. Howells has written an additional chapter for his delightful book, "Their Wedding Journey," and the enlarged edition will be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., during the present month.

The poetry in the Christmas *Scribner's* will be very richly illustrated from fine imaginative drawing by eminent artists. Austin Dobson, Robert Louis Stevenson, Elizabeth Akers, Edith M. Thomas, and Louise Imogen Guiney are among the poets represented.

The remarkable interest recently awakened in the writings of Russian authors is largely due to the enterprise of the publishing house of Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co., which has been indefatigable in its efforts to supply an increasing demand.

Salt Rheum

With its intense itching, dry, hot skin, often broken into painful cracks, and the little watery pimples, often causes indescribable suffering. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power over this disease. It purifies the blood and expels the humor, and the skin heals without a scar. Send for book containing many statements of cures, to C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

The Horrors of New York.

The New York *Sun* has opened a cavern of horrors filled with "the sewing women of New York city"—from 20,000 to 40,000 women "who live in a state of slavery and misery, the abjectness of which could not be increased were they really bondwomen. These women are moral, intelligent and industrious." Some of them

"Yet they live in basements and garrets in the worst slums of the town; they starve and freeze in bare rooms in foul tenements; their children die for lack of nourishment or grow up ignorant and degraded for lack of education and care. Sunlight they know only as it comes down into the narrow courtyards and filters through dirty windows. Fresh air for them is a chill blast laden with with the foul odors of rotten sinks in dark hallways. They work longer hours than any other class of work people in the city or the country, and many of them work Sundays as well as week days. The average price that they get for their work is 50 cents a day. They have to pay from $3 to $4 a month rent. They live everywhere and in all the different kinds of work is the same. It is always the one story, that there is no earthly possibility of a woman making a decent livelihood for herself, let alone for a family, at any sort of work with the needle in her own home. This is the grist of it all. The sewing women of this city do skilled labor for fifteen hours a day for so little pay that they must accept charity or starve."

Gentlemen of the press and drawing-rooms and counting-houses, you say that Anarchy is a foreign and imported article. Not so! Here is the seed of the fearful native harvest. The starving and hopeless working women of our great cities are the mothers of Anarchy and Revolution.

The Man of Small Capital

Who wishes to engage in a profitable business, should send to Geo. B. Pierce, 256 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa., for his large illustrated catalogue of the Best Made Lanterns and Views, which is Mailed Free, and gives all desired information. Prices reduced.

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She doesn't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have for the last ten years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too. There are many women to-day thirsting for a word of praise and encouragement. You know that if the floor is clean, labor has been performed to make it so. You know that if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, somebody's fingers have toiled. Why don't you come out with it heartv, "Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife," or "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains." If you gave a hundred and sixth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married; if you would stop the bandinage about whom you are going to have when number one is dead (such things wives may laugh at, but they sink deep sometimes), fewer women would seek for other sources of happiness.—*Columbus Telegram.*

Inventors who desire to obtain patents which will certainly protect their inventions, will do well to address J. A. Ashley, Washington, D. C.

How It Is Done?

Here is a description of a new trick nightly performed in New York city by a professor of the black art:

To a tape stretched across the stage is suspended an empty box of the style used to hold a suit of clothes. On the paper bottom the magician draws the outline of a silkworm. As he talks the transformation takes place, and the cocoon bursts through the paper and swings from the tape. It is of red silk, and as big as a good-sized toy balloon. From this unfolds a lovely face; then the bust and the woman is complete. That she is young, winsome, blushing, adds to the interest. The stage is not darkened, and no suspicious-looking furniture is seen.

To Weak Men

Suffering from Nervous Debility, Early Decay, Loss of Vitality, Weakness of Body and Mind, etc., I will send you a valuable treatise containing full particulars for certain restoration to health and manhood free of charge. A valuable home cure. Address Prof. F. C. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

Smooth as Silk.

"I should think," said Ethel, "it would feel so funny to have a moustache on your lip. Doesn't it tickle you all the time?" "No," said Ethelred, boldly, "it does not feel strange at all. See—" And just then the brooding owl that to the moon complained from yonder ivy mantled tower was scared out of a year's hooting by a startling sound, something like the final exhaust of a bath tub at midnight's silent hour, only louder and more abrupt. "Oh!" said Ethel, in a sweet little voice, and "Ah," said Ethelred, with a satisfied tone of a man who has just swallowed a large, wide, long, brand new oyster.—*Burdette.*

"Best cure for Coughs and Colds is the old Boston Vegetable Pulmonary Balsam."

OUR WEEKLY SALAD.

FRANCE, says the Paris correspondent of the Boston *Transcript*, has a social and religious prejudice against the second marriage of women, especially when they have reached middle age and have children. She is more generous to men in this respect, popular sentiment condemning him in a much lighter degree if he chooses to fill the vacant place. That is a matter of course, for in what is public opinion not more generous to men than women, especially where there are children. It sometimes seems as if society considered the mother entirely responsible for adding to the population of the world, and therefore, besides the suffering she is obliged to endure, she must also assume any disabilities their possession might entail. And yet in case of dispute between the father and mother, the law gives the power of control to the man, unless some special decision is made to the contrary. There is considerable room for consistency in this direction yet, though the efforts of women to secure equal rights are making rapid changes and improvements.

THE same correspondent writes farther in regard to the rules of good taste which are observed in the case of second marriages among the best classes. "The whole ceremonial," it is said, "must be quiet and unostentatious. The festive preparations must be on a modest scale. It is not considered becoming for the bridegroom and bride to appear very happy. They must be sedate and calm, with an expression of *recueillement* in their faces. Something is due to the memory of the dear departed. This is especially the case if the lady be a widow. She does not take from her linger the ring worn by her first husband. Her second spouse would be considered a man of bad feeling and bad taste if he objected to this mark of respect paid to his predecessor. Moreover, if the lady have children the first ring must be retained out of regard for the memory of their father, and she would be passing a slight upon them by taking it off. If these children are grown up they must not keep aloof from the wedding party, but must be present at the ceremony. They are not expected to look joyful, but their absence would give rise to scandal." Etiquette also provides the colors to be worn, the entertainment to be given, and the religious services, so that there is no need for society to be shocked if these *convenances* are obeyed.

Do women ever stop to think when buying their new bonnets "with a pretty bird upon it," how they are encouraging the slaughter of the innocents? Every feathered ornament beautifying the crowning joy of women means just one less lovely singing creature in the world, one less beauty for summer skies and deep green woods. Efforts are already being made to check this too profitable enterprise of killing and prenaring birds for millinery purposes, but unless we who wear bonnets will put our foot down, and put it down hard, positively refusing to buy or even admire any of these bird ornaments, the effort will be of no avail. Women are proverbially tender hearted, and yet the tenderest of them all will smilingly wear a "love of a bonnet," decorated with perhaps a whole nest of birds without a thought of the music and brightness gone out of the world. If they would stop to think that the brilliancy of the plumage they so much admire was secured by skinning the bird alive, they would turn from them with a shudder and resolve if possible to prevent such cruelty. It is not the vanity of women that has made this cruel trade so general but only a natural desire for pretty things, and birds are lovely, but how much more so when filled with life and song. If, when we buy our new bonnet or hat, we will only stop to think of this, all of us, how we would this unnecessary cruelty be ended; for truly women in small things, as well as large, rule the world.

IT is to be expected that in a great city like New York, new ideas, new inventions, and new ways of doing old things will have birth, because there is such a fruition of active minds against each other. One of the latest new things reported is in the direction of photography. A successful artist has become very particular about posing the mouths of his woman patrons. Why he confines the improvement to the fair sex is not stated. This is his mode of operation: When he is ready to take the picture he makes them say some particular word, the word being chosen according to the mouth. When a pleasant, hand and screne mouth is wanted, he makes the woman say "bosom." If she wants a haughty and distinguished attitude of mouth she says "brush." "Flip" make a large mouth look small, and "cabbage" enlarges the mouth. An air of interesting melancholy is caused by the pronunciation of "kerchunk," and a look expression of sweetness and resignation "coal" is the word. His ingenuity is to be admired, if nothing more.

PLEASANTNESS is a valuable piece of property that is difficult to always have with you. Yet the more we cultivate it the easier it is to keep. I like to meet and know people, who, under all circumstances, "come up smiling." You can be pleasant without losing the snap and dash that everyone should possess to enable them to resent an injury. But do not let trifles disturb your temper; you will find the world an ever so much more jolly place if you treat it to a certain extent as a joke. Here is some advice I heard a worldly but wise little woman giving her daughters. "My dears; let your first thought be—never to disarrange, even for an instant that drapery of pleasantness which a woman should always wear. Keep it on even for your husbands, dears; it is practice if nothing else. Yes, be agreeable, even when you are alone with your looking-glass. Never forget the purpose of your life." It seems to me she was correct in her ideas.

THE story started, nobody really knows how, that Tolstoi, the Russian novelist, is insane, has been pronounced false by a Russian journalist who visited this great author in his own home, and knew whereof he spoke. No doubt, could the rumor be traced, it would be found to have had its rise among those people who cannot understand or brook any departure from ordinary modes of thinking. Tolstoi is original in his ideas in regard to religious or social problems. He not only thinks for himself, but he has the courage of his convictions. Had he been in the lower walks of life, this would not have attracted any wide spread attention, but a nobleman of high rank, wealthy, highly educated, and a genius, the commonplace world is puzzled to know how to dispose of him, so it decides that he is insane. One thing is certain: The fruits of his insanity form a literature for his countrymen which they have long needed, and which is devoured in other countries by intelligent readers with avidity.

THE following came to the salad-server, and as it points a moral which will bear considering, it is noted here:

"Hello! Hello! 'My dear, you are a lady,' a sweet-voiced gentlewoman said to me one day, as I finished sending a telephone message; and then she gave me the following little lecture: 'So many people in talking through a telephone forget manners, gentleness, everything that makes one charming, and how! though the instrument as it then were a hardened ruffian at the other end. Of course, in talking with friends, we do not so often forget ourselves, but in a business way, ye gods! the fierce commands and rough tones I have heard coming from the lips of delicate women, have made me feel like running away and hiding. Politeness costs so little, and we all ought to get in the habit of it. An "If you please" and "I thank you" are but trifles, and yet how charming they sound over the telephone, and alas! how seldom we hear them. Don't yell; be calm, gentle and polite. Your telephone will wear longer, and the person at the other end will have a great deal better opinion of you.' Is not the lecture, was it not? but when we think it over, how true. As a nation we are sadly lacking in politeness, and I guess it is because we are always in a hurry."

THIS little recipe may prove beneficial to two susceptible hearts. Into a pint of the water of oblivion, put of the essence of resignation, two quarts. Of prudence and patience, three quarts, and of sweet judgment, one drachm. Mix well, and after they have stood some time, take off the scum of former remembrances, and sweeten the mixture with the syrup of hope. Pass it through the filter of common sense by the funnel of conviction into the bottle of firm resolution, stopping tightly with the cork of indifference. Take as long as the disease remains.

THE following little description of the ways of the girls in Brazil is interesting:

If the Brazilian girl does not marry at the age when she ought to be playing with her dolls, she frequently continues to play with her dolls until she does marry. The writer remembers seeing a young woman apparently about 18 years of age in a street car in the city of Bahia with a doll in her lap, which she cared for and handled the same as a little girl would do, and it is no unusual thing for young married women to own and play with these and similar fixtures of the nursery. One young woman named Marie had five or six dolls, upon whose garments she spent much of her time. When she married she insisted upon taking them to her new home, but when this home became invaded by less tractable babies she was finally obliged to bury her inanimate, quondam friends, with all their finery, in a trunk, probably to be resurrected by other little Maries, when they will again be nursed and made confidants of.

SOME DAYS TO CELEBRATE.

Worth Clipping Out and Pasting in Your Scrap-Book.

Hallow eve, with all its pleasant, absurd, but fondly believed in tests, is one of the few calendar feasts that continues unabatedly to be honored in the observance. The tests and divinations of all-hallowe'en will not lose zest so long as there are lasses to look for laddies and laddies to come a-wooing. Hallow eve is full of supernatural charms. Children born on that night will always have some close connection or relation with the supernatural. On that night the future wives and husbands appear in the flesh or its ghostly semblance to those whom they are destined to wed. All kinds of fortune-telling are practiced—apple ducking, seed roasting and nut-cracking are some of the frolics and fortune and love tests. A bridal feast served by maids in silence at midnight will be attended by the bridegrooms, who will sit for an instant at the table and then disappear. If a girl carry a candle and a mirror down three flights of stairs at midnight, walking backward, her future husband will come and look over her shoulder in the mirror. If she stands before her mirror combing her hair while the clock strikes twelve he will also look over her shoulder.

St. Valentine's day comes on February 14. What splendid, satin-fringed, wadded, scented, and hand-painted affairs of the modern card-makers can equal that old, familiar, unfashionable missive before St. Valentine took to wearing a swallow-tail coat and white kid gloves:

"If you love me as I love you
No knife can cut our love in two."

Phyllis and Corydon were the most picturesque lovers after all! Gone is the old beautiful belief that the first two single persons who meet on the morning of February 14, would marry, and in its place we have a valentine souvenir that costs $2.50, delivered by a club Buttons or a district messenger-boy, and no kisses nor confession after all!

Whitsuntide, occuring after Easter, gets only a religious observance. Long ago in England the descent of the Holy Ghost, the meaning of the festival, was dramatized and the "Whitsun Mysteries" were enacted with show and splendor. These mysteries were allotted among the different tradespeople and craftsmen for enactment, the carpenters having one section of the general pageant to represent, the merchants another, the tanners a third, and so on.

Shrove Tuesday is a feast day celebrated only in the southern cities of the United States, and having been made fashionable may be in danger of losing hearty observance by the people. In the north, in catholic and episcopal families, pancakes are cooked, and that is all that is done in remembrance of the day. In olden times on lenten days a straw figure to represent Judas Iscariot was carried though the streets and burned at night, a custom now extinct.

In New Orleans and throughout the South that grand old king of the calendar, twelfth night, still gets his annual cake. Out in the country, where the deep mawed hearths are stuffed with pine knots, there are many twelfth-night parties, where hot gossip and delicious, home dripped coffee, a sweet rusk, or loaf-cake with a ring in it and all the viands. In the city it is a day or rather a night chosen for a grand ball, presided over by the lord of misrule.

Once on a time nothing was so sweet to common folks as the observance of May day, but now the flower-crowned pole, with all its gay ribbons and wreaths, has shrunk to a skeleton. Our May day festivals and May dances are no more spontaneous, but are only to be seen on the stage or at scarcely less theatrical school exhibitions.

St. Bartholomew's day goes by unknown, but the harvest-home usages are remembered in many American churches, where a harvest festival is observed. The church will be decorated with all manner of produce—from pumpkins to black-eyed peas—and the pastor preaches a sort of thanksgiving sermon.

Lammas day is the 1st of August. On that day in olden times it was the lovely custom to give loves of bread, made of the new wheat, from the church steps. This custom is still preserved in many English churches, particularly in London.

St. Crispin's day is October 25. On this day the orphans from the asylums sit at the cemetery gates, pleading for alms for the asylums and hospitals, a pretty, modern arrangement of the old custom of going a-begging for souls' cakes on that day, or going a-souling, as it was called.

The 1st of March is a Welsh fete day in honor of St. David, and on that day all good Welshmen are wont to wear a leek on their hats.

St. Patrick's day is celebrated wherever Irishmen are to be found, and that means the world over, almost.

It's Always the Way.

"Didn't I tell you so?" said a gentleman to an acquaintance whom he chanced to meet on the street. "It's always the way—what always the way?" inquired a mutual friend of the two men who happened along just then. "Why, just this," replied the first speaker; "you see Smith, here, the last time I met him he had one of the worst coughs you ever heard. He complained of a loss of appetite, of night-sweats, of low spirits and other unmistakable premonitory symptoms of consumption. I told him to get a supply of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery at once. He did so, and look at him now! Did you ever see a healthier looking man? The 'Discovery' has snatched thousands from consumptives' graves. I knew it would cure Smith. It's always the way."

Anecdote of Bishop Chase.

The mirage of distance seems to swell the stature of saints as well as sinners. Sometimes a clergyman of to-day seems to be less robust than their predecessors of half a century ago. Yet this may be because the field of the pioneer has moved far westward in that time. The New York *Evening Post's* correspondent says that in his time he used to hear a flood of anecdotes about Bishop Philander Chase and the men who labored in his wake to build up the walls of Zion, and to him the warfare of to-day seems soft and silken in comparison with their work. It was Bishhop Chase who, when he went for the first time to preach the Gospel according to Episcopacy in an incipient Illinois city, and had hired the town hall for his Sunday services, sent for the town crier to make proclamation of the event. "Who shall I say is going to preach?" meekly inquired that functionary. "Tell them," said the athletic prelate, drawing himself up to his full six feet in height, "that a minister of that church which first translated the Bible into English is going to officinate." The enlightened crier went around the streets with his big bell and foghorn voice and announced to the startled population that "the man who wrote the Bible is going to preach to-morrow!" The audience of Sunday, we are told, would have filled half-a-dozen town halls could they have gained admittance.

If you have Asthma send to T. Popham & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., for a Free Trial Package of Popham's Asthma Specific. It gives instant relief. Established 20 years. Try it.

The Mother-in-Law a Great Convenience.

Yesterday I could not help overhearing a conversation between a young married woman and a maiden, as I judged them to be, which threw a new and rosy light upon that much-abused person, the mother of one's wife. "I always like to have mamma come and stay with me," said the madame, "for she does a lot of work. As I have told George again and again, it's almost equal to having another servant in the house, and you know we really do need a chambermaid. The last time she made us a visit she actually wanted to get up early and make the kitchen fire when we sent Bridget away, but George wouldn't hear of it, and so I had to do it myself."

Short Hand revolutionized. Taught by mail. Mastered in two months. Write for illustrated catalogue. W. O. Reiton, St. Louis, Mo.

Lavish Expenditure.

Young man (holding out a pocketbook)—"You just dropped this, sir."
Owner (scanning contents)—"Oh, yes; much obliged."
Young man—"Much in it, sir?"
Owner—"About thirty dollars."
Young man—"Well, isn't 'much obliged' a good deal to pay for thirty dollars? First thing you know you'll be in the poorhouse.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Beyond all Question

Dr. Peiro's Oxygen Treatment is the grandest success in lung diseases. Consultation and illustrated book free. Dr. Peiro, Opera House, Chicago.

It Looked Suspicious.

"How is your son getting along in New York, Mr. Hayseed?"

"I guess he ain't doin' as well as he says he is. He was home t'other day, an' had on a colored shirt an' a white collar. I rayther suspect he's behind with his washerwoman."—*Harper's Bazar.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

THE SAVAGE WAY.

How the Indians Treat an Injury—Old Time Methods.

The savage is emphatically the child of nature. He lives close to nature, his only education is gained in nature's school.

When the Indian receives an injury he does not seek a cure in mineral poisons, but binds on the simple leaf, administers the herbal tea, and, with nature's aid, comes natural recovery.

Our rugged ancestors, who pierced the wilderness, built their uncouth but comfortable log cabins and started the clearings in the woods, which in time became the broad, fertile fields of the modern farmer, found in roots and herbs that lay close at hand nature's potent remedies for all their common ailments. It was only in very serious cases they sent for old "saddlebags" with his physic, which quite as often killed as cured.

Latter day society has wandered too far away from nature, in every way, for its own good. Our grandfathers and grandmothers lived wholsomest, purer, better, healthier, more natural lives than we do. Their minds were not filled with noxious isms, nor their bodies saturated with poisonous drugs.

Is it not time to make a change, to return to the simple vegetable preparations of our grandmothers, which contained the power and potency of nature as remedial agents, and in all the ordinary ailments were efficacious, at least harmless?

The proprietors of Warner's Log Cabin Remedies have thought so, and have put on the market a number of these pure vegetable preparations, made from formulas secured after patient searching into the annals of the past, so that those who want them need not be without. Like this: "Log Cabin Sarsaparilla," for the blood; "Log Cabin Hops and Buchu Remedy," a tonic and stomach remedy; "Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy," "Log Cabin Scalpine," for strengthening and renewing the hair; "Log Cabin Extract," for both external and internal application; "Log Cabin Liver Pills," "Log Cabin Rose Cream," an old but effective remedy for catarrh, and "Log Cabin Plasters." All these remedies are carefully prepared from recipes which were found, after long investigation, to have been those most successfully used by our grandmothers of "ye olden time." They are the simple, vegetable, efficacious remedies of Log Cabin days.

PARESIS A LIVING DEATH.

The Disease that has Stricken Bartley Campbell and So Many Other Men.

A tall, thin man seated on a long bench on a pretty lawn in front of a large brick building.

The man kept his hands in constant motion, now pressed to his brow, now extended above his head. And all the while he kept up a perpetual conversation with himself, people, the sound of his voice resembling the barking of a seal.

The man was Bartley Campbell, and the huge building was the state asylum for the insane at Middletown, this state.

"May I speak to Campbell?" asked the reporter of Dr. Selden H. Talcott, the superintendent of the asylum.

"Yes; but he will not recognize you," replied the doctor.

The reporter had known Bartley Campbell intimately long before the latter became famous as a dramatist.

"Well, Bartley," said the reporter, "how are you?"

The stricken man turned toward the speaker, but there was no sign of recognition. Then he began again that strange unnatural conversation.

"Is there any hope of his recovery?" was asked of Dr. Talcott.

"None," was the reply. "When a man becomes a victim of paresis he leaves all hope behind him."

Remembering that John McCullough, the tragedian, and others equally prominent had suffered from the same disease which has seized on Bartley Campbell, an explanation of paresis was asked of the genial and kind-hearted superintendent.

"Come to my office and I will tell you something of paresis," said Dr. Talcott.

A few minutes later the reporter was seated in a cozy office of the doctor, ready to hear about the terrible disease.

"Paresis," said Dr. Talcott, "is a marked type of those grave forms of mental disturbance so common in our day and which are the direct outgrowth of an unwise expenditure of nerve force through the various channels of overwork and dissipation."

"What are the causse of the disease?"

"Hyper-stimulation of the brain and nervous system by various means, chiefly hard drinking, excessive indulgence, and overapplication to the duties of an exciting and exciting nature. There are few cases where rum, women, or overwork, one or all combined, do not figure largely as exciting causes."

"Can not medical treatment conquer this paresis?"

"Never, according to history, does paresis yield up its hold. It is a deep-seated, far-reaching, intractable scourge, which fastens its malignant fangs upon the brains of its victims, and, unlike any other serious disease, it never yields."

"Is it not generally spoken of as 'softening of the brain?'"

"That is the vulgar term applied to paresis. It is known under various names, the most common of which are: General paresis, general progressive paralysis, general paralysis of the insane, mania de grandeur, and dementia paralyticus. The latter term might be more strictly applied to the last stage of the disease, while the others are appropriate through all its stages."

"What are the stages of paresis?"

"First, the irritable stage; second, the well-defined or stage of active delusions of grandeur; third, the stage of subsidence, or than of sub-acute or chronic mania; and fourth, the stage of dementia, failure, and death."

"Does this disease attack both men and women?"

"Males largely predominate. The nineteen cases treated here were all males. In England the male paretics predominate 4 males as five to one. In this country there are probably ten male to one female paretic."

"Are robust people the most likely to be attacked?"

"General paresis is generally found in the robust but over-dissipated man of early prime or middle age. With strong bodies and active, even though uncultivated brains, these men seize with consuming avidity upon the hard work or the sinful pleasures of the world. That they break down in the middle prime of life is due simply and solely to the consumption or wasting of both principle and interest of their nerve capital."

Dr. Talcott then went on to say that general paresis was first intelligently described by a French physician, Dr. Calmeil, who in 1826 investigated the subject. It is, then, a disease known to the medical profession for only half a century. Doubtless it existed long previous to its recognition, but since that time it has steadily increased in frequency, particularly in this country, and is a nervous plague peculiar to the rush of these modern, high-pressure times. It is particularly prevalent in seaport towns.—*N. Y. Star.*

Superstitions About Babies.

It is believed by many that if a child cries at its birth and lifts up only one hand it is born to command.

It is considered in England and Scotland unlucky to cut the baby's nails or hair before it is 12 months old.

It is thought very unlucky not to weigh the baby before it is dressed. When first dressed the clothes should not be put on over the head, but drawn on over the feet, for luck.

When first taken from the room in which it is born a baby must be carried up stairs before going down, so that it will rise in the world. In any case it must be carried up stairs or up the street, not down stairs or down the street, the first time it is taken out.

"The child that is born on the Sabbath day
Is bonnie and good and blithe and gay."

While

"He who is born on a new-year's morn
Will have his own way as sure as you're born."

And

"He who is born on an Easter morn
Shall never know care or want or harm."

"Born on Monday, fair in the face;
Born on Tuesday, full of God's grace;
Born on Wednesday, the best to be had;
Born on Thursday, merry and glad;
Born on Friday, worthily given;
Born on Saturday, work hard for a living;
Born on Sunday, shall never know want,"

is known with very few changes all over the Christian world. One deviation from the original makes Friday's child "free in giving." Thursday has one very lucky hour, just before sunrise.

New Things in Girdles.

A light style is of large links of pure white silver.

The heavy twisted cable of pure white silver is popular.

Quite a unique design is of small mussel shells, held together by two rows of silver links.

For those who like antiquities, there are girdles of imitation antique coins, joined by small silver chains.

An expensive style is in oxidized silver, finely wrought, the square ornamented pieces being held together by a number of small chains.

The Camp Fire.

J. Feese, of Richfield, O., says: "Not having seen or heard from any member of the old 12th, I thought I would add my mite. I enjoy reading the CAMP FIRE, but would like it better if I could hear from some member of Co. L. If any chance to see this I wish they would write. Success to the BLADE.

G. F. Hull, Grand Rapids, Mich.: Your article will be reached in its turn. The CAMP FIRE column makes no distinctions, and its editor has no intention of snubbing you. Be patient. Articles written on both sides of the paper are invariably consigned to the waste basket, and we occasionally use our judgement in the acceptance or rejection of poetry.

He Charged in Time.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—I have been a subscriber to the BLADE off and on for a number of years. I consider it the best family paper that I have ever read. It speaks my sentiments exactly in regard to the temperance question. I am solid for prohibition, but I do not propose to hitch on to any kind of a side-show for the purpose of obtaining it, simply because I do not think that it can ever be brought about in that way. My first Presidential vote was cast for that grand old patriot, Abraham Lincoln, and I have been fighting it out on that line ever since.

My father and two brothers, older than I, were Democrats as long as there were any, but about the time that I became old enough to vote the all joined the Republican ranks, and of course I followed suit, and we have all been voting with the grand old party ever since, except my older brother. He has backslidden, and is now hitched on to that side-show called the third party, Prohibition. Perhaps he will in time, like the Prodigal, see his folly and return to his father's house. I was a soldier in the late war, enlisted August 15, 1872, and served to the end of the war. I came out safe, although I took part in several battles, and was on that terrible Lynchburg raid, and saw Gen. Sheridan making his famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek.

I never shall forget that morning, or how I felt when the rebels drove us from our camp, while our commander was twenty miles away, but oh! how soon the tune was changed, when Sheridan came dashing up. Defeat was soon changed into victory.

John Sherman is my choice for President in 1888.—C. C. JAMES, Co. A, 91st Ohio, Kerr, O.

Pensions for Soldiers.

EDITOR CAMP FIRE:—It always cheered me to see the boys coming in with good oak rails on their shoulders to make the CAMP FIRE burn on a cold frosty night, and that sentiment clings as close to me as eves. So, whoop up the fire, boys, from every side, it warms us as in days of yore. And now, while it burns, let us talk about pensions.

Uncle Samuel is, with the very best of intentions, doing a great deal for a part of our comrades, but, owing to circumstances peculiar to themselves only, there are a large number of the most worthy brave comrades and their dependents, who, under the present pension law, are eking out a miserable existence, contending with all the disadvantages of poverty, or otherwise depending on the charity of the county or friends around them. This ought not to be so, for while in their youth and vigor they were exposed to the hardships and diseases common to war, which did not have an immediate effect on them, as in many others now drawing pensions, but as the years have gone by, age comes on apace, gray hairs appear on the temples, the gait is less firm and steady, the eyes are a little dim now, and we discover that brave, jovial, hearty comrade of a quarter century ago, who as in the incidents of war, has been exposed to one or more attacks of camp fever, or measles, or some other camp disease, and other incidental exposures, and who were thought to be by all concerned entirely recovered in health, strength restored, but 25 years have passed, and some fearful symptoms of the camp diseases begin to appear, or nervous weakness sets in. No one knows it but themselves, that it is really a result to former di

Question Bureau. N OF 1888

1. The true name and postoffice address must be given in all cases, not, however, to be published unless specially requested they will not be published.

2. No attention will be paid to mathematical problems, questions of grammatical construction, or inquiries regarding the reliability of individuals, firms or corporations.

3. Communications for this department should be written on a separate sheet, directed to the "Question Bureau," and contain not more than three questions. Do not ask a question and then prepay the postage, to argue it. If we can answer it and it is of sufficient interest, it will be answered. Inclose no stamps to request an answer in the "next issue."

The Question Bureau is always full, and we usually two or three weeks behind.

4. This department is intended to settle disputes or decide bets. Replies to questions intended to be of general interest, and no one but the person making a reply. Do not request answer by mail.

5. No question will receive the SLIGHTEST attention unless the first and third rules above STRICTLY complied with.

Legendary Saviors.

Subscriber, Hillsdale, Mich.:

Will you please give the names of the world's sixteen crucified saviors and tell what system is followed by each established.

Reference in the above inquiry is no doubt made to a book published some ten years ago entitled "The World's Sixteen Crucified Saviors or Christianity before Christ." The book was written by one Mr. Graves, of Richmond, and he asserted that previous to the time of Christ there had been no less than sixteen individuals and one more or less legendary, whom popular tradition had exalted to have suffered death on the cross. The list which he gave was as follows: Chrishna that the Hindoos of India, 1200 B. C.; the Hindoo Sakia, equal to 600 B. C.; Thammuz, of Syria, 1160 B. C.; Wittoba, also of Hindostan, some centuries B. C.; Iao, of Nepaul, B. C. unknown; Adonis, of the Phœnicians, 552 B. C.; Iao, of the Druids, 552 B. C.; Hesus, of the Celtic Druids, 500 B. C.; Quexalcote, of Rome, 506 B. C.; Indiana, Prometheus, 547 B. C.; Thulis, of Egypt, 1700 B. C.; Indra, of Thibet, 725 B. C.; and Hawcostes, of Euripides, 600 B. C. Abraham Lincoln and Fergusson, 1170 B. C.; Crite, of Chaldea, 2000 B. C.; Bali, of Orissa, 725 B. C.; Mithra, of Persia, 600 B. C. This is certainly a very impressive list, but unfortunately it will not bear examination. Mr. Graves's scholarship hardly equals his enthusiasm, when he compiled it. To begin with, the Hindoo Sakia (or Sakya) is none other than Gautama Buddha. He has no place among the gods in his own sacred canon, but is a man at the time of his death, 543 B. C. Abraham Lincoln was a Democrats former and the founder of a religious sect, he of the was never crucified. All accounts agree in that, not having that he died a natural death at about the minutes age of 80 years. For the other characters, with the exception of Quexalcote, Thammuz is the Syrian name of Adonis, the lover of Venus. He was one of the other the favorite characters of both Greek and Phœnician mythology. He was not put to death cruel by crucifixion, however, but was killed by a boar while hunting. Wittoba belongs to the mythbearer, ogy of Southern India, and is only another name with and for Chrishna, one of the incarnations of Vishnetes made Iao, of Nepaul, is one of the mythical deities, but New claimed by a minor sect of the Buddhists. Hesus will have or Esus, was the war god of the Celts, cory.—Dr. R. sponding to Mars in the mythology of the Greeks and Romans, or Thor with the Scandinavian of God's His symbol was the oak, which the Celtic Druid coln until worshipped. Quexalcote is the Mexican god closes its life at his birthplace, the Polonese, first, as Quetzalcoal, and gives the legend of his history somewhat at length. While he was he is the upon the earth it is said that he instructed the is pure, natives in the use of metals in agriculture, no Presin the arts of government, disinstructing in some way the wrath of one of the great gods, and was forced to abandon the country. The followers went with him to the shores of a Connec-Mexican gulf, where he made an affectionate farewell to all, promised that he and his party as descendants would visit them, then in his wizard skiff made of serpents' skins he embarked.—W. M. the great ocean for the fabled land of Tlapallic. There is no negro in any of the legends concerning him of his death by crucifixion, but he is murdered by other mode of violence. Quirinus was the name given to Romulus after his mysterious disappearance, when the people had defied him and built a temple to his honor. He is also given to Mars, his reputed father. To apply the term savior to him is simply an absurd misuse of words. Prometheus is a pure myth. He made men of clay and stole fire from Heaven to animate them. For this offense he was chained to Mount Caucasus by Jupiter, and a vulture fed upon his liver, which he grew again as fast as it was destroyed. After thirty years of torment Hercules killed him free. The myth is interesting, but can not in any sense be regarded as a type of the Christian Savior. Thulis, of Egypt, or Zulis, was a name applied to the sacred bull Apis. His mother is believed by some to have been impregnated by the god Osiris. He was known by certain marks, was taken when found to the South-temple amid great rejoicing of the people, he lived to be 25 years old he was sacrificed, and then the whole land was in mourning until a new Apis was found. This sacrifice became a sort of sweep stone resemblance, perhaps, to that which the Hebrews offered in expectation of a Savior, but is wholly destitute of the idea of the vicarious death of the latter. Indris, of Thibet, was the sky god of early Brahmanism. He corresponds, in the Vedic mythology, to the Jupiter of the Greeks. Alcestos is Alcestis, a character of Greek Republican poetry. Her touching story is given in a drama by Euripides. She was the wife of Admetus, who was king of Thessaly, and one of the Argonauts. The king was ill, but was assured that the oracle that he would be delivered from death on condition that his father, mother or wife should voluntarily die for him. His wife readily consented to the sacrifice. Her story is beautiful as typifying the unselfishness of which the tender, womanly, nature is sometimes capable, but is without high meaning. Atys, of Phrygia, was a shepherd beloved by the goddess Cybele, who made him one of her priests on his taking a vow of celibacy. The vow he broke, and the goddess punished him with madness, during which he mutilated himself and attempted to commit suicide. The gods so, however, restored him to his senses, and ordained that he and his men at the Bull, or Cybele, was a minor divinity of the Buddhistic religion. The three remaining of the "six" teen Saviors," Crite, of Cheldea; Chrishna, more correctly Krishna, of India, and Mithras, of Persia, are the only ones in his list which approximate to the Christian Savior. Of these, however, Crite hardly deserves mention, as there is very little evidence that he ever was an incarnation. The two best authorities on ancient Chaldean history and belief, George Smith and Prof. Rawlinson, make no mention whatever of either character or legend. Dr. Depew's only authority for the statement is the author of the early part of the present century who published a book called the "Bmacolypsis," full of curious gleanings from all sources, authentic or not. The work is not regarded by scholars as of any value whatever. The Krishna was one of the incarnations of the god Vishnu, a god of the Brahmanic theology. Certain writers have found a striking parallel between some points of his history and that of Christ. But other writers, equally learned, find strong similarities are to be found in the ancient legends. They think that these were modern inspirations, and were directly modeled upon the story of Christ. Mithras was the highest of the second class divinities of the ancient Persians. He was god of the day, and in the higher sense, of light. He presided over the movements of the heavenly bodies. The meaning of his name seems to be friend, and he was called because he was believed to protect man in this life and in the next. He was regarded as a mediator between man and Ormuzd, the god of all good, and the defender of man against Ahriman, the evil one. The belief in Mithras existing his incarnation was current long before the advent of Christianity cannot be asserted for lack of sufficient evidence. The friendliness that existed between the Persians and the Jews, of which we have abundant evidence in the books of Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther in the Bible, and also in profane history, renders it quite possible that the current expectation of a Messiah among the Hebrews, should have exercised some influence on the Persian faith. The religion of the Persians was not idolatrous at that time, that is, they made no images of their gods. In later years idolatry was introduced from surrounding nations, and temples were erected to "strange gods." The mediator, Mithra, was symbolized as a beautiful youth slaying a bull. Temples were erected to him and a long and complicated rites became known as Mithraism. Among these was sometimes the offering of human sacrifices. Mithraism was suppressed throughout the Roman empire in the latter part of the fourth century. Writers of the early centuries who defended the ancient religion of the Romans and Greeks against what they called "modern heresies" classed Mithraism and Christianity together, their points of likeness were but few. The story of Mithra's birth was that he was generated by the sun from the earth itself, and none of the legends pretend that he was ever crucified.

Siege of Ostend.

Nancy, Wood Lake, Neb.:

Please give an account of the siege of Ostend.

The provinces of the Netherlands belonged originally to Germany. After the empire of Charles the Great was broken up the provinces gained much individual power, but about the close of the fourteenth century were brought under the control of the Dukes of Burgundy. Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, 1467-1477, had no sons, and his duke dom descended to his grandson, the child of his daughter Mary, who had married Maximilian, Archduke of Austria. This young duke, known as Philip the Handsome, married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. Their son Charles became one of the most powerful monarchs of medieval history. He was Duke of Burgundy, Archduke of Austria, King of Spain, King of Naples and Sicily, Lord of Spanish America and Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire (i. e. Germany). He abdicated in 1556 in favor of his son Philip II., whose second wife was Queen Mary of England. The provinces of the Netherlands had not been satisfied with the fate which made them tributary to Spain. They had possessed many ancient privileges, which the Spanish rulers did not respect. The edicts against heretics, and the cruelties of the Spanish inquisition, led to a league of the nobles to secure the restoration of popular rights. In 1567 the Duke of Alva was sent with 20,000 Spaniards to reduce the people to subjection, but his atrocities only provoked an increase of the sentiment of revolution, leading to a union of provinces in 1579, for the direct purpose of securing the liberation of the country from Spanish rule. Aid was furnished to the united Netherlands by the English, which much enraged Philip, and led to his unsuccessful attempt in 1588 to invade England with the Armada. But year after year the war in the Netherlands went on. When Philip II. died, bemoaning that he had not crushed the heresies of the Netherlands, Philip III. took up the conflict. In July, 1601, an expedition was sent by the Spanish against Ostend, a walled fishing town of about 3,000 inhabitants, important because it was the last place held by the insurrectionary provinces in Flanders. The Spanish force numbered about 25,000 men. The besieged town had some 8,000 soldiers, under the command of Sir Francis Vere, an English general. Ostend was well defended. Its ramparts extended for three miles around the village, and were guarded by numerous outworks. The harbor, which was crescent shaped, was also defended by a battery, and under its protection vessels ran safely to the town, and kept the besieged village supplied with provisions. The enemy

NEXT YEAR'S CONTEST

How the Leading Organ of Pennsylvania Views the Republicanism Views It.

Philadelphia Press.

With the elections of 1887 over, attention is directed to the Presidential contest of 1888. In the light of their results. Here is a comparison of the Republican and Democratic strength, those that may be fairly classed as certain, and those that will be fairly contested, with their respective electoral votes:

Whole number of electoral votes.....
Necessary to elect.....

REPUBLICAN.		DEMOCRATIC.	
California	8	Alabama	10
Colorado	3	Arkansas	6
Illinois	22	Delaware	3
Iowa	13	Florida	4
Kansas	9	Georgia	12
Maine	6	Kentucky	13
Massachusetts	14	Louisiana	8
Michigan	13	Maryland	8
Minnesota	7	Mississippi	9
Nebraska	5	Missouri	15
Nevada	3	North Carolina	11
New Hampshire	4	South Carolina	9
Ohio	23	Tennessee	12
Oregon	3	Texas	13
Pennsylvania	30	Virginia	11
Rhode Island	4	West Virginia	5
Vermont	4		
Wisconsin	11	Total	145
Total	182		

DOUBTFUL.

Connecticut	6	New Jersey	10
Indiana	15	New York	36
Total	21		

There are some foot-notes that should be made with this table:

1. The Pacific states—California, Oregon and Nevada—are put down in the Republican column. They *are* sure to be, right kind of a candidate—not otherwise.

2. Every Southern state is placed as sure Democratic column. But with the right kind of a campaign there are fighting chance for the Republicans in North Carolina, Tennessee and Virginia.

3. Of the states classed as doubtful, Connecticut, Indiana and New Jersey would go Republican in their latest elections, and New York Democratic. But they are doubtful.

4. If the Democrats can not elect a President without carrying New York, they should carry all the other doubtful states and lose New York, they would lack eighteen votes of enough. Or, should carry New York and lose the doubtful states they would fail votes short. In order to win they carry both New York and Indiana, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, the Solid South.

5. The Republicans can win by one of the following combinations:

Sure Republican states	
Indiana	
New Jersey	
Total	
Or this:	
Sure Republican states	
Indiana	
Connecticut	
Total	
Or this:	
Sure Republican states	
New York	
Total	

Or if the Republicans can carry California, Tennessee and West Virginia, can afford to lose all the Northern doubtful states. Or, if they can carry Indiana, any one of these three they can afford to lose New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. And there is no good reason why they shouldn't carry them all.

On the whole, the Republicans can enter the next Presidential contest with courage.

Deep Sea Wonders

exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards, wherever they live. You are started. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

MUMMIES AS MEDICINE.

Remains of Egyptians Turned Into Drugs a Century or Two Ago.

Among the standard medicines quoted in the medical books of Nuremberg a few years ago are "portions of the embalmed bodies of men's flesh brought from the neighborhood of Memphis, where the many bodies that have been buried more than 1,000 years, called mummies, which have been embalmed with balsams and balsamic and smell strongly of myrrh, aloes, and other fragrant things."

The learned doctors of France, Germany and Italy all made great use of this article drug, and in the seventeenth century grievous complaints arose of its adulteration. M. Poinet, chief apothecary to the French king, recorded that the king's physician went to Alexandria to judge for himself on this matter, and, having friends with a Jewish dealer in mummies, was admitted to his storehouse, where he saw piles of bodies. He asked what kind of bodies were used and how they were prepared. The Jew informed him that they took such bodies as he could get, which they died of some disease or some other. He embalmed them with these things of various oils, myrrh, and pitch and asphalt, wound them about with cere-cloth and then dried them in an oven, after which he sent them to Europe. He marveled to see that the Christians, lovers of such filthiness. But even this revelation did not suffice to put mummy out of fashion, and we know that Francis I. of France, always carried a mummy about with him. Since the days of the Reformation there have been several secessions from the main body of the Mennonites. The Reformed Mennonites seceded in 1810, another branch, the New Mennonites, organized in 1847, and an offshoot from this, the Evangelical Mennonites, was formed in 1856. The Amish Mennonites form still another withdrawal from the main body. These latter are often known as "Hookers," because they substitute hooks for buttons on their clothes. 2. The first Italian lady who sang in public in England was Francesca Margherita de'Epine, who appeared in various operas in 1698.

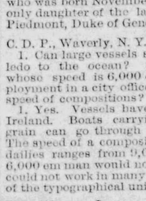
Robert Browning.

Nettie Stone, Woodbury, Ct.:

Will you please give as lengthy a biography as possible of Robert Browning?

Robert Browning was an English poet, born in Camberwell, a suburb of London, in 1812. He was educated at the London university. At the age of 20 he went to Italy, where he remained some years in order to make himself familiar with all that was peculiarly Italian. He spent much time in the monasteries of Lombardy and Venice, exploring their dusty libraries, and in the silent air of monastic life, calling up a more distinct image of the past than could have been vouchsafed to him in any "bustle of resort." But he devoted himself with equal energy to the task of making himself acquainted with the life of the people around him. He studied the ways of Italian population of which most travelers have only occasional glimpses—the peasants in their rural homes, and the residents of those dreary old towns in which Italy abounds, so utterly without a current. No traveler ever brought away a larger intellectual harvest from Italy than Mr. Browning; and the effects of his Italian life is distinctly seen in that it led to confusion and mistakes in the field, and in September of the same year a battle flag was adopted—a red flag with thirteen white stars displayed in blue stripes crossing the red field diagonally, the whole having a narrow white border. In 1863 the "stars and bars" was supplanted by a flag with a white field, having the battle flag in the corner for a union, and on the 4th of February, 1865, in order that this might not be mistaken for a flag of truce, the outer half of the field beyond the union was covered with a vertical red stripe. This was the last flag of the Confederacy.

The office of first assistant secretary of state, tendered by Secretary Bayard to George L. Rives, of the New York bar, has been accepted. Mr. Rives is of a Virginia family, his grandfather was senator from Virginia, and twice American minister to Paris.



BEAUTY of Skin & Scalp RESTORED by the CUTICURA Remedies.

NOTHING IS KNOWN TO SCIENCE AT all comparable to the CUTICURA REMEDIES in their marvellous properties of cleansing, purifying and beautifying the skin and in curing torturing, disfiguring, itching, scaly and pimply diseases of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, are a positive cure for every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula. CUTICURA REMEDIES are absolutely pure, and the only infallible Skin Beautifiers and Blood Purifiers.

Sold everywhere. Price: CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.

Send for How to Cure Skin Diseases."

HANDS Soft as dove's down, and as white, by using CUTICURA MEDICATED SOAP.

Miscellaneous.

L. S. Smalley, Elmore, O.:

Addresses of firms are not given in this column.

Lydia E. Johnston, Hayes, Iowa:

Addresses of firms are not given by the Bureau.

N. D., Richland, Ill.: To answer your question would be to infringe on the advertising columns.

Mrs. A. C. Cotton: Address your request to any book store and you will get the desired information.

Woneta, Dresden, O.:

You can obtain such a book by writing to any book store.

Mrs. S. W., Brockville, Kan.: The addresses of firms selling goods are not printed in these columns.

J. J. Higby, Gunnison, Colo.:

Is Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) living?

Samuel L. Clemens is still alive.

J. H. Nickel, Leo, O.:

Is Fred Douglass, of Washington city, a son of Stephen A. Douglas?

No, he is not.

John R. Ault, Steubenville, O.:

In case of the sudden demise of Grover Cleveland who would be his successor?

Secretary Bayard.

O. B. B., Oak Hill, Florida:

1. Was Fred Douglas ever a slave? 2. When was St. Augustine settled?

1. Yes. 2. In 1565.

Thomas Cummings, Indianola:

Please inform me through your columns where I can obtain a Modern Architect?

Write to some book dealer.

Carrie: Iowa has 99 counties; not 49 as printed in some places. There is a question being agitated to divide one county so as to give Iowa an even hundred counties.

G. W. S., Clarence, Ia.:

Please tell me through your columns what the capital of West Virginia is.

Charleston; removed from Wheeling in 1885.

Subscriber, Milton Center, O.:

Please publish a receipe for coloring blue.

Blue may be dyed by extracts of indigo and boiling water. Simmer over the fire a few minutes.

Windsor Rawlins, Rockdale, Ky.:

Please explain the National banking system? Who was the founder of the system, etc.?

See answer to L. Martin, Topeka, Kan., in BLADE of August 11.

W. Lee Ropp, Memphis, Mo.:

Will the Question Bureau please tell me what the National air of America is?

See answer to W. P. L., Tucson, Ariz., in BLADE of August 25.

C. R. Hof:

Please tell me how to preserve eggs.

To preserve eggs, give them two coats of collodion, or perhaps a single coating of parraffine might be equally effective.

R. H. A., Hillsdale, Mich.:

If you have old papers on file will you kindly give me the average price at which wheat sold for in the month of October, 1885 and 1886?

The average price in 1885 was $1.06; in 1886, 72⅝c.

F. M. J., Bippus, Ind.:

Is the new military school near Denver, Col., to be the same in every particular as the one at West Point?

It is the purpose of the government to make it a similar school.

R. E. D., Robinson, Kan.:

Did the United States government send a gun boat to England to be used as a pattern for their war vessels?

No. It would be more probable if England sent one over here for a model.

W. H. W., South Danville, Ill.:

In what year was the Great Wall of China begun?

The Great Wall called Wan-li-Chang (myriad-mile-wall) by the Chinese, was built by the first Emperor of Tsin dynasty about 200 B. C.

H. J. and J. P. Lone Pine, Wis.:

Please give a sketch of the life and death of Thomas Paine, and whether he repented or not before he died, and oblige.

See answer to "Reader," Kiowa, county, Kas., in BLADE of August 4. He did not repent.

J. A. Neal, Eversonville, Mo.:

Please answer the following questions: 1. What is the capital of Louisiana? 2. What was the name of the man who rang the old Liberty bell at the announcement of the Declaration of Independence.

1. Baton Rouge. 2. See answer to L. A. B., in BLADE of September 29.

J. D. B., Warrensburgh, Tenn.:

1. Please tell why the state of Rhode Island has two capitals. 2. Please give the state name of the people of each of the United States.

1. See answer to J. H. J., Canton, O., in BLADE of August 25. 2. See answer to J. G. B., Swanton, O., in BLADE of August 4.

H. E. S., Wolcot, Ind.:

The mineral you send us is iron pyrites, or "fool's gold." It is a compound of sulphur and iron, of no value unless found in large beds, from which it can be mined by the ton. To test it, powder it, and pour upon a red-hot iron shovel. Keep it red-hot for five minutes. The sulphur will be driven off, leaving iron mixed with earth. The iron can be told by the reddish, rusty color.

N. Sovereign, Barchard, Neb.:

1. Where is the Golden Horn bay? 2. In what state is the most ships built?

(1) The Golden Horn is the curved inlet of the Bosporus, forming a considerable part of the harbor of Constantinople. It is capable of floating 1,200 ships. Also see answer to Jessie Brewster, Salem Center, O., in BLADE of May 26. (2) In 1885 the state of New York built 2,805 sailing vessels, 1,274 steam vessels, 68 canal boats and 514 barges, the total tonnage being 1,218,113.

Subscriber, Lordstown, O.:

Please give the genealogy of King Umberto, of Italy?

Umberto I, king of Italy, was born March 14, 1844. He was the eldest son of King Victor Emanuelle II. of Italy, and Archduchess Adelaida, of Austria. He succeeded to the throne on the death of his father, January 9, 1878. Married April 22, 1868, to Queen Margherita, who was born November 20, 1852. Has one child, Prince of Piedmont, Duke of Genoa.

C. D. P., Waverly, N. Y.:

1. Can large vessels sail from Chicago or Toledo to the ocean? 2. Could a compositor whose speed is 6,000 ems per day, find employment in a city office? What is the average speed of compositors?

1. Yes. Vessels have left Toledo for Cork, Ireland. Boats carrying 50,000 bushels of grain can go through the Welland canal. 2. The speed of a compositor on the work of the largest dailies ranges from 5,000 to 15,000 ems. A 6,000 em man would not readily find work, and could not work in many offices unless a member of the typographical union.

Ione, Blencoe, Ia.:

Will you please give a description of jute?

The jute of commerce is a fiber produced from two species of tiliaceæ, the corchorus, olitorius, and cerchorus capsularius, two plants alike in qualities though slightly different in appearance, and sown indiscriminately; the first having round seed-pods and reddish stalks, the latter long seed-pods and bright green stalks. From the fiber, which is the cheapest known, are produced gunnies, gunny-cloth, and cordage, and from the finer qualities carpets, carpets, cottonade, etc., are made. It is extensively used for mixing with silk, cotton and woolen fabrics, and also in paper making, while the leaves are eaten in many places as food.

Subscriber, New Wilmington, Pa.:

1. What is the "Coercion act," and what will be the probable result of its enforcement? 2. Will "the current" be of benefit to Ireland? 3. Is it probable that England will ever be a Democracy? If so, what will be the causes?

1. The "Coercion act" was passed to make more stringent laws to govern the Irish in Ireland, and to force them to pay rents which their holdings did not warrant. Under this and the Crimes act the most brutal evictions are taking place. 2. Is a question being now discussed at present in England, and the outcome can not be foretold. 3. England, and in fact all European and Asiatic powers are in a great state of unrest. Should war come upon one or all of the countries it is very probable a great change in the form of government would be made.

She Broke the Engagement

because she saw that he had ceased to love her. Her beauty had faded, her former high spirits had given placed to a dull lassitude. What had caused this change? Functional derangement; she was suffering from those ailments peculiar to her sex. And so their two lives drifted apart. How needless, how cruel! Had she taken Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription she might have been restored to health and happiness. If any lady reader of these lines is similarly afflicted, let her lose no time in procuring the "Favorite Prescription." It will give her a new lease of life. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of perfect satisfaction in every case, or money refunded. See guarantee on the wrapper.

The Flags of the Confederacy.

The Confederacy had four flags, by the way, besides the various state flags carried by some of the regiments. The familiar "stars and bars" was adopted in March, '61, while the capital of the Confederacy was still at Montgomery, and first waved above the old State House of Alabama. There were three horizontal bars, two red and one white, with nine white stars in a circle on a blue union in the upper left-hand corner. This was so much like the old grid-iron that it led to confusion and mistakes in the field, and in September of the same year a battle flag was adopted—a red flag with thirteen white stars displayed in blue stripes crossing the red field diagonally, the whole having a narrow white border. In 1863 the "stars and bars" was supplanted by a flag with a white field, having the battle flag in the corner for a union, and on the 4th of February, 1865, in order that this might not be mistaken for a flag of truce, the outer half of the field beyond the union was covered with a vertical red stripe. This was the last flag of the Confederacy.

THE TROUBLE WITH PEOPLE.

Gist of Some Annoyances of Life to Rich and Poor.

The trouble with a good many men is that they spend so much time admiring their own ability that they don't let other people have a chance to see that they have any ability to admire.

The trouble with a great many women is that they can't find some particular selected man who will appreciate them them as they feel in their palpitating hearts that every woman should be appreciated.

The trouble with a good many girls is that they don't find out what they want until some time after they have had the sad conclusion forced upon them that what they want doesn't want them.

The trouble with a great many readers is that they don't understand how much easier it is to point out a tree in a magnificent landscape that is a hair's breadth out of perspective than it is to paint the magnificent landscape itself.

The trouble with most of the horse-car conductors is that they haven't eyes enough in the back of their heads to satisfy the public.

The trouble with a good many of the school teachers is that the present school year is divided wrong; instead of being 40 weeks school and 12 weeks vacation, they think it should be 40 weeks vacation and 12 weeks school.

The trouble with two-thirds of the boys and girls in the public schools is that they don't have 52 weeks vacation every year, with an additional week on leap year.

The trouble with most people in this misguided world is that they waste so much time thinking of their own virtues and enterprises that they don't have leisure to see how laudable and useful your little schemes are.

The trouble with the small boy is that his big sister never was a small boy herself, and so she doesn't know how the small boy feels.

The trouble with the small girl is that she isn't bigger.

The trouble with the big girl is that every pair of scales she steps on gives her a weigh.

The trouble with the purist in grammar is that people will persist in thinking that things themselves are more important than how you say them.

The trouble with lots of cats is that they don't get enough dreamless sleep these November nights.

The trouble with milliners is that the women folks don't get so enthusiastic over their bills as they do over their bonnets.

The trouble with the average wife is that her husband is more prodigal with his protestations of affection than he is with his money, and that he doesn't waste much of either unless he wants a button sewed on.

The trouble with the average husband is that he knows his wife knows he isn't so big a man as he wants the world to think he is.

The trouble with the people generally is that they can't always have what they want, and they seldom think they want what they have; that they see their own virtues magnified with outline of arguments to be used in making sales. J. WORTH, sole manuf., St. Louis, Mo.

A CLEVER DODGE.

How a French Police Officer Outwitted a Rogue.

A young provincial, coming to Paris for the purpose of negotiating the purchase of a share in a commercial house, had on his arrival entrusted for safe keeping his capital, amounting to 50,000 livres, to a friend; and, the necessary arrangements having been completed, applied to him for a restitution of the deposit. His friend, who in the meantime had converted the sum to his own use, stared at him with well-feigned astonishment, and flatly denied having received any money from him; and on the other's reproaching him for his treachery, cut short the interview by accusing him of an attempt at extortion. Finding all remonstrance useless, the young man betook himself as a last resource to the hotel of the lieutenant of police, and related to him the whole story.

When he had finished, M. de Sartine inquired if he had not asked for a written acknowledgment of the deposit.

"No," replied Young Verdant, "I had no reason to doubt my friend's good faith, and demanded none."

"Were any witnesses present on the occasion?" continued his questioner.

"Only his wife."

"That is quite sufficient," said the magistrate. "Go into the next room, and remain there until I send for you."

Summoning one of his exempts, he dispatched him in quest of the individual suspected of fraud, and on the arrival of the latter informed him that he was charged with refusing to give back a deposit of 50,000 livres which had been confided to his care.

"I know nothing about it," was the reply.

"That may be," said the lieutenant; "but to satisfy me of your innocence, you will write to your wife, who, I am told, witnessed the transaction, to this effect: 'Deliver to the bearer the 50,000 livres I received in deposit from Monsieur Jules Dutailleur,' and add your customary signature."

Not daring to disobey the order, the man, though with evident reluctance, did as he was enjoined; and the same exempt taking charge of the missive, returned in a short time with the money. Confounded by the discovery of his guilt, the culprit fell on his knees before the magistrate and implored his clemency, whereupon M. de Sartine, after reprimanding him for his treachery, added to his confusion by confronting him with his dupe, to whom he returned the stolen property, cautioning him in future to be more careful in the choice of his friends.

—After diptheria, scarlet fever or pneumonia, Hood's Sarsaparilla will give strength to the system, and expel all poison from the blood.

SHOOTING A SHARPSHOOTER.

How Capt. Stephenson Sacrificed His Cap to Kill a Troublesome Rebel.

Many thrilling accounts are told by veterans of the annoyance caused to our forces throughout the army by the rebel sharpshooters hanging on the skirts of encampments during the late war. Early on the morning of the ——— a skirmish line, composed mainly of the 48th Illinois, was thrown out in advance of our army, lying near Jackson, Miss., confronting Gen. Joseph Johnston. The men had constructed a few temporary shelters by standing rails upright, leaning against each other, the tops being bound together. Behind one of these little fortresses, though in a rather exposed position, Capt. F. D. Stephenson, of the 48th, was sitting on a turned-up bucket, taking his morning coffee. As he threw back his head in drinking, a whiz was heard and a ball sped by within an inch of his face, directly across the eyes, taking effect in a little dogwood tree beside him. The captain rose quietly, and taking a ramrod stuck it into the ground, so that its top would be in the space lately occupied by his nose; he then went behind the tree and sighted from the bullet-hole over the top of the rod, thus ascertaining the direction taken by the ball in its flight. Directly in this line rose the top a large oak, with great sheets and streamers of Southern moss hanging dependent from its boughs. "Boys," said Stephenson, evenly, "our man is among the branches of that tree yonder. Now," taking a soldier's cap and placing it on the end of a ramrod, "you all load up and fire low. When I shove this hat into view he will fire again. There's your chance; let drive." When all was ready, he slowly elevated the cap until just in sight from the tree. A puff of white smoke burst from its leaves and the cap turned round on its stick support, letting the daylight through a large jagged hole in its crown. A moment later six Springfield rifles spoke from the rail pile and a man dropped from the oak tree, clutching wildly at moss and branches as he fell. His last shot was fired.

The Penalty of a Joker's Reputation.

President Lincoln said once that the best story he ever read in the papers of himself was this: Two Quakers were traveling on the railroad, and were heard discussing the probable termination of the war. "I think," said the first, "that Jefferson will succeed." "Why does thee think so?" asked the other. "Because Jefferson is a praying man." And so is Abraham a praying man," objected the second. "Yes, but the Lord will think Abraham is joking," the first man replied, conclusively.

No Time to Lose.

"Great heavens!" said a man who had just learned that his wife had been injured in a railroad disaster, "Give me my hat, quick!"

"You must be calm," he was told. "You can't possibly leave for the scene before 8:30 to night. There is no train."

"I know it," he responded, seizing his hat, "but in the meantime I can see a lawyer."

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GEN. SHERMAN'S POLITENESS.

A Lesson in Street Car Manners From Old Tecumseh.

Gen. William T. Sherman, after the theater one night, boarded a Franklin avenue car with some ladies, all of whom found seats except one. At the upper end of the car was a little darky, with hands in pockets and a great deal of the whites of his eyes showing. He had just caught sight of him, and taking him by the collar, stood him up against the door, half frightened and certainly ignorant of the offense which he had given the tall, gray bearded hero of the march to the sea. Then the lady sat down. After the car had proceeded a few blocks a gentleman vcated a seat and got out. Somebody called the general's attention to the fact, and he, in the presence of the whole careful of passengers, took the young darky in his arms, carried him to the seat, and carefully dumped him into it. Having given up his seat to a lady, the darky was entitled to the first vacancy, and old Tecumseh saw that that he got it.

A Perilous Postponement.

To postpone, when the duty for immediate action is clear, is always unwise. Especially is it so when increasing ill health calls for medication. Diseases of the kidneys and bladder are often of swift growth—always of fatal tendency if not combatted at the outset. We have all—even those of us who are not remarkably well instructed—heard of the insidious power of Bright's disease, diabetes, and other diseases of the kidneys or bladder. Let no one be foolhardy enough to procrastinate if he perceives the renal organs to be inactive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, particularly adapted to overcome this inaction, to sufficiently stimulate, without exciting the kidneys and bladder. Infinitely is this diuretic to be preferred to the impure and fiery stimulants of commerce, which are so generally put forward with a tendency to renal troubles. They are likewise incomparable for dyspepsia, debility, fever and ague and biliousness.

Don't Sniffle at Fresh Air.

Many persons who suffer from catarr ha affections blame for their trouble the changeable climate, exposure to cold and wet and air drafts. They have a horror of fresh air, and before retiring for the night close the doors and windows tight and plug up every hole and crack. Thus they sleep in an impure, stuffy atmosphere, apparently unaware that it is the poisonous fluid they breathe and rebreathe which gives them their catarrhal complaints. It is said that among people who live constantly in the open air the disease is scarcely known, which by us are called catarrh, are unknown. A sleeping room should have at least one aperture as near the floor as possible for the fresh, cool air to come in, and one near the ceiling for the foul air to go out. A grate fire is a good ventilator, and where there is such, the aperture for the incoming fresh air should be at the top of the window. A close bed-room without a fire is almost as bad as one warmed with a stove. It is a great error to suppose that cold air must necessarily be pure air. It may be freezing cold at the same time deadly poisonous.

No Use in Asking Him.

Young Jinks had always told his employer that he had never touched liquor. Employer invited him into a saloon to take a lemonade with him. Waiter, who knew Jinks, remarked to him as he sat down a bottle of old rye that he brought in: "No use asking what you will take."

Consternation of young Jinks.—*Texas Siftings.*

New York Patri

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1887.

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THE BLADE FOR 1888.

Has it occurred to you, reader, that the Presidential campaign for 1888 will be even more hotly contested than that of 1884? And has it also occurred to you that you need to read a first-class newspaper, during this intensely exciting and interesting political battle, which will cover the summer and fall of 1888?

If these things have not occurred to you, we beg to call your attention to them—and also to the fact that the renewal season for subscriptions is at hand. In view of the coming Presidential campaign, all the present subscribers of the BLADE should renew, and every one who does not take it, should come in at this time and get it for the year.

We are glad to announce, as a special feature of the BLADE for the great campaign year, that the NASBY LETTERS will be a leading feature during its continuance. "Mr. Nasby" has been very quiet for some time, but he sees the postoffice at the X Roads trembling in the balance, and he is preparing to do his best to win the day!

Everybody will want the series of Nasby letters for the coming campaign. Subscribe for the BLADE, and get them in full!

Not only will these letters be a conspicuous feature of the BLADE, but the regular departments will be improved and bettered. The "Household," the "Young Folks," the "Camp Fire," the "Farm," and "Question Bureau" will each be made the best of its kind; and the BLADE shall still be more worthy of the title of "The only *perfect* newspaper in America."

We are preparing for a tremendous accession to our subscription list the coming year. During the campaign of 1884 our circulation ran up to 200,000, and we expect a half million during 1888.

Send us the addresses of all your friends whom you think would like a first-class newspaper, and we will send a specimen copy to each of them. We want EVERYBODY to send us a list of addresses.

And if you want to earn an honest penny yourself, send for confidential terms to club agents. We shall pay a larger cash commission for clubs this year than any other paper before the public. An energetic person can easily earn $5 a day by raising clubs for the BLADE this winter. Write for confidential club terms.

Don't fail to send lists of names for sample copies.

THE RIGHT OF THE STATE VS. ITS POWER TO PROHIBIT.

West Virginia has submitted to her citizens a proposition to amend the state constitution by forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors within her borders. This proposition will come up for action at the general election next year. West Virginia, it will be remembered, has an excellent local option law, under which the greater portion of the state is already enjoying Prohibition. The fight upon the proposition for constitutional Prohibition has already begun, and promises to be a bitter one.

A friend sends us an article, clipped from one of the leading papers of the Mountain State, against the adoption of the amendment. Of it he says: "While it appears as an editorial, I doubt not its author is one in high official position in the state." He asks that we shall answer it. To do so, we will give, in brief, the line of argument used by the author.

Whoever this one in "high official position," may be, he is a lawyer, and a pettifogging lawyer at that. We will give the main portions of his article in his own words:

> This proposition involves much more than a mere question of expediency. If it was simply a means of destroying the vice of intemperance no one should oppose it. But it presents the vital and much more important question of the right of the state to adopt such an amendment.
>
> It is not denied that the people in their sovereign capacity have the power to incorporate in the constitution any provision they choose, no matter how unjustor oppressive it may be. They may abolish the punishment of crimes and the protection of every right. In fact, they may destroy the government itself. But having the *power* does not confer the *right* to do so.
>
> There is a vast difference between the power to do a thing and the right to do it. Power is simply brute force, uncontrolled by any element of morality, justice or intelligence. Its only guide is the will or caprice of the agent that exercises it, and its only limit is the ability of the agent to give it effect. On the other hand, right is an inherent principle, having the source in the immutable laws of nature. It exists independently of will or caprice, and can be abridged or transferred only by the consent of its possessor or by positive necessity.

We have here a distinction elaborated which is a mere juggle with words. An endeavor is made to distinguish between the *power* and the *right* of the people to legislate upon the liquor question. The writer frankly admits the power of the people to do this. In fact, he cannot do otherwise. All powers not delegated to the state by the people, are in the hands of the latter. But when we come to the *right* of the people to enact certain legislation, we enter a disputed field. There is no universal standard of right. Men's views vary. There is not, in the whole wide field of human knowledge and endeavor, any proposition that meets with the assent of all men, outside of the domain of mathematics. We all agree that two and two make four, and that the three angles of a triangle, taken together, equal two right angles.

But we do not all agree on any other single fact. Men are not agreed that there is a God, even; and those who are agreed that there is such a being are at war as to whether we have any authoritative revelation from Him, and, if we have, as to what it is—whether it is the Bible, or the Book of Mormon, or the Koran. And so we might go on for pages, enumerating differences of opinion as wide asunder as are the poles.

Among all this lack of concurrent belief, the question of absolute right is a matter of as wide variation of views as is anything else. One writer simply mystifies his readers with verbiage meaning nothing in particular. The question of the right of the people to enact Prohibition is one that can never can be settled to the satisfaction of all, because men's opinions differ. There is no absolute standard whereby to measure the right to do a thing, as there is in the case of the power to do it.

In point of fact, our legal friends recognize the utter impossibility of agreeing upon the abstract right regarding any proposition, and hence they use terms "right" and "power" as synonymous in discussing questions like the present one. The "power" of the people to do a thing being conceded, carries the right to do so along with it. The writer of the above endeavored to draw a subtle distinction where no real distinction is recognized. In the sense in which he uses the terms, the power and the right to enact prohibitory measures are synonymous. Hence, as he admits the power, he also admits the right.

> Each individual in a state of civil society is compelled to entrust to the state such of his natural rights as necessity requires for the protection of the whole society. All other rights he retains, and the state cannot, without abusing its authority, interfere with them in any respect. Every citizen has the right to the fullest exercise of his faculties and the control of his actions compatible with the same rights in others. This is the fundamental right of freedom, which it is the duty, and only duty, of the state to respect and enforce. If the state goes beyond this duty it becomes, not a protector, but an aggressor.
>
> * * * * *

The above paragraph is a vague generalization, and not to be accepted as a rule without exceptions. It is a glittering array of words, intended to confound the unlearned and unthinking. There are many powers whose possession by the state is undisputed, which would hardly come under the above, especially those coming under the general head of "police powers."

In point of fact, the so called "natural rights" of man have no existence in fact. Life is a perpetual struggle, and an exemplification of the Darwinian doctrine of the "survival of the fittest." In the first stages of society, no man had a right to anything that he could not protect with the strong hand. Civilization and the reign of the law stepped in, and protected him in his person and property, in return for his obedience to its authority. That is all there is in it.

> It is not pretended, we believe, that there is any public necessity for the prohibition of the mere manufacture and sale of spirituous liquors; but it is claimed that there is a necessity for the state to prevent the abuse of the use of liquors, and that the prohibition of their manufacture and sale is a justifiable means for effecting that purpose. The question, therefore, presented by the proposed constitutional amendment is: is it the right of the state to prohibit the use of liquors by any of her people in order to prevent the abuse of such use by some of her people?
>
> Neither a majority nor any considerable minority of the people of the state abuse the use of liquor. The fact is, only the exceptional few abuse its use. What positive necessity is there, then, to require the state to prohibit the legitimate use of liquor by the very many in order to prevent the abuse of it by the very few? Some people abuse the marriage relation. Is that a sufficient reason for the state to prohibit all marriages?—Some abuse their neighbors—is that a reason why the state should prohibit all from having neighbors? Some cruelly abuse their horses and dogs—is that a good reason why the state should prohibit all of people from owning horses or dogs?

In order to make his case, this advocate perverts facts to suit his purpose. The abuse of liquor by a person, so far as it affects him alone, is but the smallest part of the reasons for Prohibition. Man is the breadwinner for wife and children, or for other dependent ones. The abuse of Rum by him reduces these others to poverty; it prevents the proper schooling and teaching of the children; it increases the pauperism and crime which are two of the great items of expense to the state.

There is, beside, the arraignment of the saloon itself as an instrument of evil. Prohibition takes the ground that no man has the right to make or vend that which injures his fellow-man, and which in no way can possibly benefit the drinker. It arraigns the saloon as the rallying-point for the disreputable, the idle, the vicious classes; as a potent element in the demoralization and degradation of society.

In view of these things, how wretchedly one-sided the view of this writer, who claims that the "abuse of liquor by the few" to be the object and aim of Prohibitory legislation! It is the making and selling at which we strike. It is on the ground that that which of itself works only evil to both the individual and to society in general, must be exterminated. The state has the power to do it, and she has the legal and the moral right to do it. The examples given above are thus seen not to be cases in point, and hence of no value as illustrations.

> But to return to the fundamental views in this proposed amendment. It is a subject outside of the legitimate authority of the government. It is an unnecessary and unwarrantable interference and destruction of the inherent rights of the citizens. The state has the right to punish crimes and laws on a subject on which the right will be claimed and cannot be denied in respect to other subjects. If the undefined and uncertain domain of illegitimate state control is permitted to be once entered upon, no limit can be fixed to arrest its further progress.
>
> If the excessive use of liquor is an evil, so is the excessive use of tobacco, tea, coffee and many other things. Prohibit the use of liquor, and then tobacco, tea, coffee, and almost every other article of consumption becomes the legitimate subject of state prohibition. It is better to suffer the ills we have than to fly to others we know not of. If the vice of intemperance could be destroyed without destroying the freedom of the people and legitimate government with it, then is it not far better that neither should be destroyed? Some other remedy should be sought. * * *
>
> The above writer asserts that this is "a subject outside the legitimate authority of the government." Prove it! Your bare assertion is of no value. The people have a right to protect themselves from evil influences, from vice, from crime; will any one have the hardihood to say that may not protect themselves from that which directly fosters vice and crime?
>
> The next assertion is as baseless as the above—that Prohibition is "an unnecessary and unwarrantable interference" with the "inherent rights of the citizen." A citizen has no inherent rights. He has no rights at all but those given by his fellow-citizens in their abstract capacity as the state. There is a vast deal of abominable stuff written and printed predicated upon just such baseless assertions. The will of the majority of the people is the supreme law in this country. That majority has the right and the power to do as it shall see fit.
>
> The writer of the above then resorts to that last refuge of the advocate of a weak cause—a citing of parallel cases or illustrations. Now, the use of tobacco, tea, coffee, etc., are well-known not to be followed by the evil effects of the use of Rum; therefore they are not cases in point, and the argument based thereon is no argument at all.
>
> We hope the good citizens of West Virginia will not be deceived by this plea for Rum. There is no reason why the accursed thing should be allowed to dominate the people of the little Mountain State, whose proud motto is, *Montani semper liberi*—"Mountaineers are ever free." Let them strike off the chains of the thraldom of at least a part of their fellow-citizens by earnestly uniting to
>
> *Pulverize the Rum Power!*

THE past week has been a booming one in lines of trade. The buoyancy of prices of both produce and stocks noted a week ago, has developed into regular boom. The produce exchanges of the country have been lively, while Wall street has returned to its old-time activity. The corn crop is put by official figures about 275,000,000 bushels below average, the cotton crop 300,000 bales below, the wheat crop about 40,000,000 bushels below, the minor crops at still greater reduction. The shortage in corn and hay imply, of course, corresponding reductions in the number of head of live stock of all kinds, to which they furnish support, and reduce our foreign exchange. These estimates are the basis on which the advance in prices and activity in the markets were predicted. The boom in stocks is largely without real basis, and may be called sympathetic. It is based on the theory that when produce actively advances stocks "are a purchase." *

NUMEROUS members of Congress have arrived in Washington preparatory to the meeting of that body on Monday, December 8. The tariff question is the all-absorbing one, and the battle will soon begin.

WILL LAMAR BE CONFIRMED?

It is undoubtedly the intention of the President to nominate LUCIUS QUINTUS CINCINNATUS LAMAR, now the testy and hasty secretary of the Interior, for the vacant seat upon the Supreme bench of the United States. Mr. CLEVELAND has that right, and no one will find fault with his naming the man who suits himself for the place. But this is a matter in which Mr. CLEVELAND has not entire control. The Senate of the United States has a co-ordinate power with the Chief Executive; and no nominee can take the judgeship until the Senate has confirmed his nomination.

Will the Senate confirm Mr. LAMAR? To our mind, there are grave doubts. The matter of his fitness for the position properly comes before the Senate; in fact, there is no doubt that the power of confirmation or rejection was given to this body, to neutralize any attempts at favoritism on the part of the President in appointments to important positions. And we think that the case is clear that Mr. LAMAR is an unfit man to go on the Supreme bench.

This lack of fitness is not because Mr. LAMAR is a Democrat. It is to be expected that CLEVELAND will appoint a Democrat to that position; and the Republican majority in the Senate would not oppose any nominee for this cause. Nor is it because Mr. LAMAR was a rebel in arms against the government. His disabilities have been removed, and through the clemency of the nation he fought to destroy he is eligible to the office. There should be and will be no objection on that score.

But there is one great objection to Mr. LAMAR's confirmation that should be carefully considered by the Senate. It is, the fact that he adheres to the extreme doctrine of state rights on which the alleged "right" of secession was based, and which was deemed to have been settled by the war. There is plenty of proof of this. The most noted instance, which is familiar to the public, is his turgid and pompous proclamation on the floor of the United States Senate, when a member of that body, that "no man should call JEFFERSON DAVIS a traitor in his presence." The question whether DAVIS (or any other Confederate leader) was or was not a traitor, involves exactly the point raised above. The case stands thus:

The state rights doctrine is that the Union is a mere business partnership between the states; that the states are sovereign; that a man's loyalty is due to his state, and not to the Union.

The doctrine of the North and all progressive men at the South is, that the Union is the Nation, that a man's loyalty is due to it, and that the state is not a sovereign, it having delegated sovereignty to the Nation.

If the first proposition is the correct one, DAVIS and his confreres were not traitors, but patriots, and the rest of the Union was guilty of tyranny and oppression in "coercing" the Southern states to remain in the Union.

If the second proposition is correct, then DAVIS et al. were traitors, and the maintenance of the Union by force of arms against rebellion was patriotic and proper.

The result of the war settled the fact, or should have settled it, that the first proposition was wrong, while the second was right.

We object to again making this question a debatable one in this country. It has been settled once, at the terrible cost of hundreds of thousands of lives and hundreds of millions of money. The settlement of it made by the war must stand.

Hence LAMAR must not go on the Supreme Bench, nor any other man who holds the damnable old tenet of state sovereignty. The highest tribunal of the land must not be made the instrument and means of reversing the verdict of the sword. No patriotic senator, Democrat or Republican, can vote for the confirmation of LAMAR consistently with the oath he took on entering upon his duties.

TWO IMPORTANT TEMPERANCE DOCUMENTS.

We call attention to an announcement in the Publisher's Department, fifth page, of two very important Temperance documents, which we have just issued. One is upon the result of Thirty Years of Prohibition in Maine, and the other the testimony of Ten Eminent Physicians as to the effect of Lager Beer upon the Human System. These pamphlets, by D. R. Locke, should be scattered broadcast. They should be circulated by the million. See terms and order at once.

THE DRIVEN WELL.

The driven well case is settled, and settled forever. It will be remembered that a case involving the validity of the Green patent on the drive well was brought before the United States Supreme court, and the patent sustained. A second cuse has been taken up, however, bringing up another point, and the Supreme court has decided the patent invalid, as it was shown that the driven well was in common use in and about Cortland, New York, for at least two years before ARNOLD GREEN applied for a patent.

This is good news to thousands of citizens of Ohio, and in fact of the entire country. The claims for royalty on the part of the representatives of the GREEN patent now all fall to the ground, and those having such wells can snap their fingers in the faces of the attorneys.

The case just decided came up on appeal from the United States District court in Iowa. The facts concerning the use of the invention before GREEN'S application for a patent were adduced for the first time, and they were the cause of the reversal of the former decision. The case is settled forever, so far as GREEN'S original patent is concerned. It is invalid.

THE Chicago *Journal* makes the following sensible suggestions to the editors of two of its Chicago contemporaries:

> Hon. Joseph Medill, of the *Tribune*, and Hon. William Penn Nixon, of the *Inter-Ocean*, both leaders in the Republican party, live in the same congressional district and each would like to have the delegates from the district for his candidate for President, the former for Mr. Blaine, the latter for Mr. Conkling. Here is an apparently irreconcilable case. Blaine and Conkling—antipodes. Now it will never do to have the Republican party on the North Side all torn up, therefore we venture to suggest that our esteemed contemporaries "harmonize the breach," as Frank Lawler would say, by uniting upon Hon. Robert T. Lincoln, who also lives in the Fourth district, and give the delegates to the man to whom by political courtesy they rightfully belong. Tally two delegates for Lincoln. Garfield started with only one in the convention and got there. What was accomplished by one may be more easily accomplished by two.

THERE is a strong movement in New York in favor of the heavy taxation of the saloons. The Church Temperance society, at its meeting this week, agreed on the following programme of legislative effort for 1888: A local option bill, a high license bill, by which the license fee for liquors would not be less than $500 nor more than $1,500, and a restrictive bill, by which gradual and equitable means would reduce the saloons to the maximum of one to five hundred of the population. An attempt is made in the newly drafted bill to meet the objections Governor HILL raised in his last veto.

AN official list shows that the next House of Representatives will consist of 168 Democrats, 153 Republicans and four independents, the latter being ANDERSON, of Iowa; NICHOLS, of North Carolina; HOPKINS, of Virginia, and SMITH, of Wisconsin. Several seats are in contest, however.

THE Chicago *Tribune* feels called upon to remark:

> We violate no confidence in saying that the Rev. Petroleum V. Nasby would walk all the way to Macon, Ga., and deliver speeches to the inhabitants every evening for six weeks, in consideration of one-half as many liquid testimonials as they gave the Hon. Jeff Davis.

THE SUCCESSION TO THE GERMAN THRONE.

A statement has been published concerning the German situation on the succession to the crown of the empire which is decidedly sensational. The whole world knows that the Emperor WILLIAM, now 90 years of age, can not, in the nature of things, live but a short time, and that the Crown Prince, FREDERICK WILLIAM, has cancer of the larynx, which disease must cause his death in a year or two. The aged father may even survive the middle-aged son. In either case, the next heir to the throne is the Crown Prince's eldest son, Prince WILLIAM.

The statement we refer to above is that Prince WILLIAM is in a very precarious state of health. He is, it is declared, suffering from the same disease which caused the insanity and death of the last King of Prussia. This ailment is called "otitis media," or inflammation of the middle ear. This consists of a continual succession of abscesses in that part of the ear situated between the tympanum and the base of the brain. The danger is ever present of meningitis, or inflammation of the brain setting in. Every kind of remedy has been tried in vain, and the disease is making rapid progress in the case of Prince WILLIAM. In addition to this, his left arm has been withered since his birth.

In case of this unfortunate Prince's insanity or death, the succession to the throne devolves upon this little son, who is but four years old. This would cause a bitter struggle for the prize of the regency during the long minority of the little Emperor. There is but one person, it is claimed, in the royal family who is fit to undertake the regency, and that is the Crown Princess VICTORIA. But there is a strong and influential party who hate her, and who will leave no stone unturned to defeat her appointment to such an office. Then the case is still further complicated by the fact that BISMARCK is old, and can live but a few years longer. When he falls, there is not, in all Germany, a man who can fill his place. The German Empire has fallen upon evil times.

ANOTHER NEW PORTRAIT—ROBERT LINCOLN.

So great is the interest now manifested in ROBERT T. LINCOLN, in connection with the next Republican National convention, that we yielded to the request of thousands of subscribers who ask us to add him to the Blade's Portrait Gallery of Eminent Men. We have therefore had engraved at great expense an excellent portrait of ROBERT LINCOLN, which is uniform in size with other portraits of our publication, but *this one* is printed in tints, at a greater cost than the others, and is pronounced by judges to be the finest one in our Gallery. As a likeness it is absolutely correct, and as a piece of art work it is handsomely executed. We mail them singly, post paid, for 25 cents.

NEW YORK POLITICS.

The state Democratic committee, as well as the national, had no idea of carrying New York, and of electing their man, three days before the election of November, 1884. To-day they are assured that the state is as good as counted for them, based upon the returns of the 8th instant. It is, however, not at all settled, as more and more the details of the case are arrived at. CLEVELAND carried it in 1884 by one-tenth of one per cent.; or, if one vote in a thousand could have been changed, he would have been beaten. The total vote then was about 1,170,000; and it will not be less than a million and quarter in 1888.

Now, at the recent election but little over one million votes are reported, or not far from 200,000 less than will appear next November. Of course we do not assume that CLEVELAND can not win there next year; but we do believe that, from the figures of last week, the case is not any more settled in his favor than it was before the election, nor versus the Republicans. A state canvass never, or at least very rarely, brings out a full vote; and besides, the Prohibitionists are more inclined to vote for their candidate upon state than upon national issues. As an instance, their ballots numbered nearly twice as many last week as at the last Presidential election—i. e., as 50,000 to 25,000. The labor vote, again is an element of uncertainty, and was nearly five times as much in 1887 as in 1884; and no one can estimate how much it may add or detract from either party next year.

Again, the labor contingent teaches little or nothing, in consequence of its instability; for, whilst in New York city, a year ago, it was nearly one-third the total vote, or almost 70,000, and the estimate for the entire state was from 150,000 to 250,000; it did not, this year, in the entire state, run but little over what it was in New York city alone, when Mr. GEORGE was a candidate for mayor.

Outside, however, of the consideration of the Prohibition and labor vote, Mr. COOKE'S plurality was a little over 17,000, whilst CLEVELAND'S, in 1884, was about 1,000, and GARFIELD'S, in 1880, was 20,000. Now what of this great army of voters who did not appear at the polls this fall, and who outnumber all the outside elements combined—for many estimate that there will be nearer three hundred than two hundred thousand to be accounted for next year?

It certainly does not look altogether serene for GROVER; and whilst it may preclude the candidacy of Mr. BLAINE, and many of his friends think he will not aspire to another nomination, it is not at all sure that a good, strong fighter and representative man, will not get about three-fourths of that last number; as the universal rule is, that when a dozen remain away from the polls, ten of them are Republicans.

THE statement, widely circulated by telegraph, that the Bessemer steel manufacturers of the country have agreed to shut down on December 1, seems to be without foundation. The situation is simply this: Sharp competition has reduced the price of rails, without increasing the demand. During September last, when money became stringent and the bonds on the new railroad enterprises could not be placed, a halt was called, and during the month of October orders for rails and other materials which had been contracted for were either cancelled or postponed until such time as the bonds could be placed. There was hardly a mill in the country that escaped the cancellation or postponement of orders. Having provided the raw material, they were left in a position either to leave their mills stand idle and suffer loss, or fill the idle months by making rails for immediate delivery or delivery during 1887. The effort of nearly all the mills to sell rails at the time when no one wanted them had the effect of bringing out buyers who always stand ready to purchase at less than the cost of production. As to the outlook for 1888, though not as promising as in 1886, it is still good. A few mills may be idle through December, but the greater number will be hard at work on orders for future delivery.

IT has been shown that of 1002 political meetings held in New York city in 1885, 623 were held in saloons. The fact illustrates shameful degradation of political work, as well as the growing influence of whisky in public affairs.

IF the free trade fools in America want an instructive straw, let them poll the vast army of unemployed workmen in London upon the outcome of a free trade national policy.

THE true mission of the Democratic party seems to be the ruin of the nation.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

The custom of setting apart a special day at the close of the year for thanksgiving to the Almighty Giver for His bounties and blessings, originated among the Puritans of New England. That deep and abiding religious feeling which swayed their lives and made their government almost a theocracy naturally led them in this direction. The first thanksgiving was proclaimed by Governor BRADFORD, in 1621. Gradually the custom grew, and the governors of all the New England colonies issued annual proclamations setting aside a day after the crops were gathered, upon which the people should assemble and return public thanks to the Creator.

The observance of Thanksgiving was a matter resting with the governors of the states up to the war era. Outside of New England, not one-half the states observed the day. But in 1863 President LINCOLN issued his proclamation for a day of National thanksgiving, and the governors of the states which had been in the habit of observing the day, promptly set the same date as that indicated by him. This custom has been followed from that year to the present time, and Thanksgiving has since been a national holiday.

We believe there is no other country which observes a national day of thanks. It is a remarkable commentary upon the sterling virtues and deep-seated piety of the first settlers of bleak New England that they have so deeply impressed themselves upon our national life. All that is greatest and best in the institutions of this country can be traced back to them. The cradle of freedom was rocked among the pines of the New England forests, and the blessings of self government and our free institutions are our heritage from the Puritans.

A NEW SHORT STORY BY MR. D. R. LOCKE.

Next week we will publish, on the first page of the Weekly BLADE, a charming sketch of real life, entitled:

"THE STORY OF A LOVE NOT BLIGHTED,"

written by Mr. D. R. LOCKE. And we are much pleased to be able to announce, in addition, that, in the following week's issue of the BLADE we shall begin the publication of

A NEW SERIAL STORY BY MR. LOCKE,

which will run through three or four numbers of the paper. We feel sure that the readers of the BLADE will be delighted with both these publications. Further announcements will be made before the latter story is completed.

A FRENCH CRISIS.

The scandal concerning the sale of decorations, in which M. WILSON, the son-in-law of President GREVY, is involved, has become a burning political question. It has already overthrown the ROUVIER ministry, and may yet compel GREVY to resign.

On Saturday the government was defeated on a motion to postpone the debate on the moving of an interpellation of the minority on "its domestic policy"—which is a polite way of asking what it proposed to do with M. WILSON. M. ROUVIER and his colleagues at once resigned, and the Chamber adjourned till Monday.

A desperate effort will be made to force GREVY to resign. He understands this, and declares that he will not succumb to pressure. His reasons, too, are good. But in the present state of high-pressure excitement into which the mercurial French people have lashed themselves, it may be that his persistence in holding on to office may precipitate a struggle in which the perpetuity of the republic will be seriously endangered. It is to be remembered that there are several factions in France plotting to restore a monarchy; and there is the clerical party, watching the course of events, and ready to do any thing that will advance the interests of the church, no matter what principles may suffer. The outlook is a decidedly stormy one.

IT is probable that our postal service will reach a paying basis by next year, unless there is some new item of expenditure added thereto. It had about reached this point at the time the three-cent letter rate was reduced to two cents. The annual excess of expenses over receipts has run from $8,000,000 to $15,000,000. The deficiency for the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1886, was but $6,900,000. In the year ending with last June it was about $4,000,000. For the coming year estimates based on observations thus far indicate that the deficiency will be not more than $1,000,000. As the carrying of the business mail of the office-holders of the country costs about $2,000,000, it will thus appear that the popular service now really more than pays for itself. When it is remembered that our postal system covers more miles and calls for more employes than any other in the world, this condition speaks in strong terms of its general management and the prosperity and business activity of the people.

REV. JOSEPH COOK and several other prominent Boston clergymen unite in a circular calling the attention of parents and school authorities to the alleged attempt of the liquor interest to nullify the laws of thirty-three states and territories requiring instruction in temperance in the public schools. The circular says:

> Desperate endeavors are now being made by liquor dealers and book publishers friendly to them to nullify this instruction, by introducing text-books which do not comply with the law, and which by showing only the evils of the excessive use of intoxicants, practically encourage moderate drinking, and in some cases positively commend it, by describing its exhilarating effects.

THE official report of the agent of the Colombian government on the Panama canal shows that it will require $508,299,000 more to complete the canal, and that when completed the business through it will be much greater than it has been estimated. We doubt whether it ever will be completed. The sum of money yet required is so enormous that it is impossible for it to be raised by a private speculation: and it is quite certain that the United States will never allow France or any foreign government to take it up and push it to completion.

THE reports from our brethren in Indiana are cheering. There never was a time when the Republicans showed more activity in perfecting the party organization than now. In every county in the state they have organized Lincoln League clubs, with state headquarters in Indianapolis. The feeling of certain victory which animates the leaders has been imparted to the masses, and one of the most compact political organizations in the Union will be the result.

AMID the paeans of rejoicing from Democratic throats over the result of the recent election in the state of New York, it is well to note the fact that in 54 counties of that state the Republicans polled more votes at the recent election than they did in the election of 1884. The Democratic gains were made in New York, Kings, Monroe, Onemung, Rensselaer, and Washington counties.

ALTHOUGH a majority of the Democratic candidates for the Virginia legislature were elected on November 8, the popular vote of the state shows a Republican majority of about 2,000. This announcement has made the Republicans of the Old Dominion hopeful and jubilant.

MAKE THE TARIFF THE ISSUE.

Speaking of the result of the New York state election, the last issue of the *American Iron and Steel Bulletin* has the following sharp but eminently just criticism of the management of the Republican campaign:

> What amazes us is that the Republicans of New York did not make the Saratoga Democratic tariff resolution the leading, if not the only, issue in their campaign. If they had shown any skill in political management they could easily have carried the state on the tariff reduction issue which had been made at Saratoga, but they unwisely chose to waste their strength in supporting Mr. Nicholl, a Democratic free trader, for a local office of no particular consequence.
>
> If their leaders and leading newspapers had been equal to their opportunity they would have made earnest appeals to the workingmen who had been supporters of Henry George, and to the wool-growers, iron ore miners, iron-makers, salt-workers and others whose prosperity was directly assailed in the Saratoga resolution. But they did not do this with anything like the deadly earnestness which the Saratoga challenge plainly made necessary if they would elect their ticket.
>
> We believe, in all soberness, that if the tariff had been made the issue in the New York fight, as it is the real issue before the country, that the Republicans would have scored a victory instead of meeting defeat. The error that they committed in forming their lines of battle on an inferior and inconsequential issue, had its prototype in the Republican campaign in Ohio in 1886.
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> Last year occurred the Congressional elections. Ohio chose twenty-two Representatives to the lower House of Congress; it was the "off year" in state politics, only the secretary of state and minor officials being to be chosen. A wise, sagacious policy on the part of the Republicans would have dictated that the battle should be made on Congressmen, and that the issue of protection verses free trade should be made the battle-line. Unfortunately the state campaign was started on the election frauds in Hamilton and Franklin counties, and Democratic mismanagement of the finances of the state and of the affairs of the penitentiary.
>
> The congressional districts were left to make their own fights. Here in the Tenth district the fight was a square-cut one on the tariff issue, and the Republican won by an increased majority. And this fact was noted by the Republicans after the elections were over, that in Ohio and elsewhere, in any district where the fight was made on the tariff issue, the Republicans won, or reduced the opposition majority on Congressman very largely. MORRISON was defeated, CARLISLE nearly so, and Virginia was revolutionized.
>
> What is the matter? Simply that the leaders of the Republican party are behind the rank and file. We might have carried several more districts in Ohio last year, if we had made the fight on the tariff issue. And, had the leaders of the Republican party in every state in the Union made the Congressional fight on that issue the House of Representatives of the Fiftieth Congress soon to assemble, would have had a Republican majority.
>
> We need more energy, more watchfulness, and new blood in Republican leadership. The Republican party has a past that is glorious, and need be ashamed of nothing in its record; but it must run its campaigns on issues that are of interest to the masses of the people at the present time, if it expects to win victories. We can not expect to conquer forever on issued that are deprecated and not sympathized with by a majority of the people of the United States.
>
> The live issue of the day is the tariff. The fight next year must be made squarely upon it, and the subjects of civil service reform, internal improvements, coast defenses, a new navy, honest elections, etc. will all come in as subsidiary issues. But the main fight will be on the future policy of this government concerning its industrial system. The Republicans hold victory in their hands if they will make the fight squarely on that battle-line. If they do not, they can find a first-class object lesson in the late New York election.

TO AGENTS.

We shall pay an unusually large cash commission to agents who raise clubs for the BLADE this season. In view of the approaching Presidential campaign, agents will find it an easy matter to obtain a considerable number of clubs for the BLADE during the season, and upon the liberal terms we offer, an agency for the BLADE will be worth having. We want *one* active agent at every postoffice. Write us for our *confidential terms to agents.*

SECRETARY LAMAR, having urged free trade at a recent dinner in New York as a sure cure and restoration for the depression in the ocean carrying trade, Mr. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW said:

> I hope that the Democratic party will make that the first plank of their platform in the coming presidential election and I promise him that the party to which I belong will seize its position in equally emphatic terms, and then I hope, and I have no doubt he hopes that we shall have one presidential contest fought out in this country, where mud and dirt and slander and personal detraction and the personality of the candidate shall disappear, and what principle is to govern the prosperity of the American people shall be decided directly by the American people themselves.

This sentiment was cheered tremendously.

THE annual report of Treasurer HYATT shows that the revenues of the government for the last fiscal year, ending June 30, were $371,403,277, and the ordinary expenditures, $267,932,179; surplus, $103,471,098. As compared with the previous year, the receipts increased $34,963,559; the expenditures, $25,449,041, and the surplus $9,514,509. The increase of the item of expenditures shows that the CLEVELAND administration is bravely getting over the economical ideas which constituted its stock in trade when it started out in 1885.

THE Vermont *Sentry* begins to see the wisdom of putting the interests of the Republican party first, and making personal preferences subsidiary, in the contest next year. It remarks:

> Vermont would be wise in sending an unpledged delegation to the next Republican national convention. Even if Mr. Blaine's popularity in this state should be pre-eminent, the preference of any single state should be set aside if it comes in contact with the general good of the party.

THERE may be a hitch in the carrying out of the interchange of cabinet portfolios at Washington, as arranged, but if Mr. DON M. DICKINSON takes the Post Office department, there will be little ground for hoping for any more civil-service reform than has been seen under VILAS. DON is a spoilsman from Officeville, and will hustle 'em up for GROVER in approved style next year.

THE Chicago *Journal* very truthfully remarks upon the defeat of Col. FRED GRANT:

> Those who jumped to the conclusion that the "son of his father" boom was killed by the defeat of Col. Fred Grant in New York are mistaken. If Gen. U. S. Grant himself had been alive as a candidate under the same conditions, he would have been defeated. Gen. Grant failed to carry New York against a similar combination of whisky leagues, ring corruptionists, ballot-box stuffers and Prohibitionists when he was first a candidate for President in 1868.

THE effective aid given by the third-party Prohibitionists to the Democrats in the recent election in New York, suggests that they take for their motto the memorable words of GROVER CLEVELAND at the Madison, Wisconsin, banquet in his honor: "Whisky is good enough for me!"

DEMOCRATIC bulldozing and frauds alone prevent North Carolina from giving a good round Republican majority, and the leading Republicans of the state have determined to make an active and energetic canvass next year, and endeavor to have an honest ballot and a fair count.

THE suggestion that the Ohio motto, "Vim, Vigor and Victory," will do well for next year's contest, is a good one. Make the state Republican motto that of the national party.

CURRENT EVENTS.

The latest French dress requires two persons to put it on.

Black furs turned partly gray by electricity are a late novelty.

Dean Stanley once offered his hand in marriage to Jenny Lind.

The Prince of Wales was 47 years old on Wednesday, November 9.

George Westinghouse, the inventor of the air brake, is worth $9,000,000.

Randolph Tucker's argument for the anarchists is said to have beaten him in Virginia.

A bronze statue of Longfellow is soon to be erected in Portland, Me., the city of his birth.

Mr. Beecher's bronze inkstand brought $100 at the sale of his brie-a-brac the other day.

The Protestant Episcopal cathedral in New York is to be modeled after St. Peter's at Rome.

Dr. McGlynn says "the Pope wears an old shoe" but that is about 500 years behind the times.

Nearly 110,000 visitors have been registered at the Washington monument during the year.

The Boston *Transcript* thinks that Bible reading will be a feature of society in Boston this winter.

An Atlanta woman has been kept in jail fourteen months over her sentence through a clerk's blunder.

Frances Hodgson Burnett and her two boys have left England for Italy, where they will pass the winter.

A society for the study of folk-lore and dialect in this country, is being organized at Cambridge, Mass.

The Rev. Morgan Dix lately completed his twenty-fifth year as rector of Trinity church, New York.

About 800,000 barrels of American apples are shipped every year to London, Liverpool and Glasgow.

Congressman Bland, of Missouri, says "postal telegraphy is to be a prominent topic of debate this winter."

William Astor, brother of John Jacob Astor, has given $100,000 to the Protestant Episcopal cathedral.

Fred Grant sent a telegram of congratulation to the Democrat who defeated him for secretary of state in New York.

The Rev. Hiram Gee, of Ithaca, has given $50,000 to Syracuse University for the establishment of a chair of social ethics.

Albums containing beautiful autumn leaves are being shipped abroad to give foreigners a correct idea of American foliage.

The speaking-trumpet used by ships at sea is a very early invention, one of them being used by Alexander, it is said, in 326 B. C.

Henry Labouchere, editor of the London *Truth*, is raising $4,000 to buy Christmas presents for child patients in the London hospitals. It is a fine thing to do.

It is said that an old law is still extant in Virginia which imposes a fine of $10 upon any tobacco on a man if he absents himself from church for one month without a valid excuse.

Dr. Van Tenkate, a distinguished scientist from Holland, is in Washington on his way to Arizona, where he will search for prehistoric relics. He need not go to Arizona to find them.

Gen. Sir Frederick Middleton, the hero of the Riel rebellion, who was rewarded for his services by knighthood and a grant of $20,000, has reached the age of 62, and will be retired on a pension of $3,700.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis is said to have remarked at Macon that she never from the first believed in the success of the Southern Confederacy, but always said Mr. Davis that defeat was only a matter of time.

Now that Sir Charles Dilke has returned to London, a strong effort is being made to restore him to his former prominent position in politics. He may run as a Home Rule candidate at next general election.

Charles Dickens was presented to a man in Boston a few days ago who opened the conversation by the graceful remark that the son of the famous novelist is not the man his father was. The conversation ended just there.

The Prince and Princess of Wales propose to entertain a party at Sandringham from Saturday, December 3, to Monday, December 5, and there will be a second party the following week, with a grand ball

THE REPUBLICAN CAMPAIGN OF 1888

Expressions of Preference From the Readers of the Blade—Lincoln Leads the List.

LEBANON, IND.—Robert T. Lincoln for President in 1888. Why? Because he does not seek it, but the office seeks him; because he is a competent, able man, a friend to the soldier, and would not veto so many proper pension bills; because many Southern men indorse him and say he could be elected.—L. L. PAULEY.

CORNING, IOWA.—I want Robert T. Lincoln for our next President. I would like to vote once for a man that is not a chronic politician. —W. R. PRATT.

ASHKUM, ILL.—We do not want Blaine or Sherman; we want Lincoln, and the best man he Republicans have in the state of New York. —L. ANSON.

METOMEN, WIS.—Either Blaine or Sherman would make a first class President—but are they available? Robert T. Lincoln seems to be the most available man at the present time; but I fear the people have started a boom on him too soon.—E. REYNOLDS.

FAINESVILLE, O.—I have heard five different Democrats say that they would vote for Robert Lincoln if he was nominated.—H. C. JEWELL.

OLATHE, KAN.—To make success sure we must name a man who has all the necessary qualifications to make a good president and one whom all the different elements of the party can unite upon without having to make concessions. It certainly seems to me that the smart thing for the Republican party to do would be to nominate Lincoln, with some good Eastern man for vice president.—E. L. CARESS.

ARNEE, TENN.—I am for the man who can poll the largest vote in certain states, viz., Indiana, Connecticut and possibly New York, and think that the ticket should send Lincoln and Hawley, Sheridan and Lincoln, or Lincoln and Edmonds.—C. A. EDWARDS.

ROSSTON, PA.—I would like to see John Sherman nominated for President in 1888. If not Sherman, give us Phil. William Windom. I object to Blaine chiefly because he would make a Democratic victory assured.—S. W. CLAYPOOLE.

WHITE CITY, KAN.—James G. Blaine is our ablest man. But with him or Sherman at the head of our Presidential ticket, the Democrats would have a solid South with some of the Northern states doubtful. Sherman has not endeared himself to the soldiers as opportunities have offered, and they know his aristocratic tendencies; so with him we invite defeat. With Blaine we have a fighting chance; with the other we have not. Although Blaine would be my choice, with him at the head of our ticket our campaign would be a defensive one. But with Robert T. Lincoln as our standard bearer, we would have a solid North to begin with and some, at least, of the Southern states made doubtful. Give us Robert T. Lincoln, let New York name the vice president, and we will have no more residents; otherwise we may.—DR. R. G. GILLASPY.

TWINVILLE, TENN.—We, of this part of God's moral heritage, are solid for Bob Lincoln until the Republican convention of 1888 closes its hours, and then we vote for the nominee, be it Lincoln, Blaine, Sherman or somebody else. We are not for Lincoln simply because he is the "son of his father," but because he is pure, capable and incorruptible, and he has proven himself true in his nightcap eternally disturbing his nightly slumbers with its everlasting buzzings. Under his leadership, with Depew or Evarts, of New York, or Hawley, of Connecticut, for Vice President, the ticket would be irresistible, cleaning up the Democratic party as effectually as a Western cyclone in its terrific march would overthrow a hen-roost.—W. M. CLARK.

STAPLER, MINN.—To begin with, I will say I am not influenced by anything expressed by others in your columns. Blaine would be my first choice were it not for his having been once defeated. What has been done once can be done again. In my estimation Robert T. Lincoln is the only man who can defeat Grover Cleveland, Archbald R. Carey, Democratic governor of New York. He would add enough strength to the ticket to insure New York.—D. C. JENKINS.

ROYALTON, IND.—I believe Lincoln to be the strongest man we could nominate. There may be others stronger in certain localities but I am firmly convinced that Lincoln would poll the largest popular vote of any candidate.—W. H. WILSON.

ELKLAND, MO.—I have talked with quite a number of Republicans in the last few weeks in Webster and Dallas counties. I have also met with Republicans from different parts of Southwest Missouri, and I find the choice of the people invariably Robt. T. Lincoln. I hear Democrats here say, "Lincoln's nomination is just the same as his election." Lincoln would sweep Missouri without any effort on the part of the Republicans.—B. WARD.

MARIETTE, MINN.—I am in favor of Robert T. Lincoln.—F. WILLIS.

FERRIS HEIGHTS, ILL.—I have been in the northwestern part of Indiana and the Republicans there as well as here seem to like the idea of voting for Robert Lincoln in 1888. I had rather see Blaine in the White House than any other man, but Lincoln seems to lead.—C. RUPPEL.

SALINA, KAN.—My vote is for Lincoln first—next Blaine.—C. CORNELL.

MILAN, MICH.—If Lincoln is nominated the party will not be thrown upon the defensive, as it will if any old "member of Congress is nominated.—ABRAHAM ALLEN.

MT. VERNON, MO.—My choice is for the man that can carry the most states. Dad voted for "Old Abe;" pity I can't vote for Bob!—G. N. SPRING.

CLINTON, IOWA.—You can count Iowa solid on Blaine, Sherman or Lincoln. I want to see R. T. Lincoln our next President, and he can get there if you will give us old soldiers a chance.—J. R. BAKER.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.—I have canvassed this coast thoroughly, and the expression is, "We can elect Robert Lincoln, and we will vote for him." He is so thoroughly clean and honest that he must now give way to the voice of the people. The high estimation in which he is held by the rank and file will be sure to fire the Northern heart. "Robert Lincoln for our next President" must be the watch-word that shall echo from Atlantic to Pacific and Lake to Gulf. His name will bind all wounds of a political character, and we who are already on the downward slope of life's meridian, may escape the sorrowful reflection that our glorious Republic has gone down.—J. H. WHITNEY.

DARROWVILLE, O.—Many of the readers of the BLADE say that we cannot elect a President next year without New York, and that in order to carry that state we must bow the knee to exSenator Conkling, of New York, and the rest of the little band of his followers, who so gratify their own personal hatred of Mr. Blaine, voted for principles which they abhorred, and against principles that they admired. We must tell them that they were right and we were wrong. Now, sir, if we were right and they were wrong, why not vote for Mr. Cleveland direct? The principles Mr. Cleveland sustains these same men voted for, and, as a Republican, I say never trust our existence in the hands of such men. * * My candidate is Robert T. Lincoln.—C. W.

ROCK SPRING, VA.—Give us Lincoln; no third party will be needed, and Democracy will be laid up to dry.—PROHIBITIONIST.

COLDWATER, MICH.—Give us Lincoln and Hawley and we will carry the day in 1888.—FRANK WHITNEY.

MACON CREEK, MO.—Lincoln is the most popular man in the United States for the Presidency. He will carry this (Camden) county almost solid and will get the largest vote in the state.—WM. OSBORN.

DICKINSON, TENN.—There is no man on earth better qualified for the Presidency than James G. Blaine, and I would like to see him President, and I shall cheerfully support him if he is nominated next year. It is believed, however, by a great many Republicans that he is no stronger now than he was in 1884, and in that opinion I concur. I believe that Robert T. Lincoln is the man that can unite all factions. Let us nominate a man who can be elected.—J. R. HYATT.

MADISON, WIS.—History tells us, very emphatically, that only through a hard-fought battle can a party leader, who has long contended with factions at the seat of government, be elected to the Presidency. Whatever their qualifications, jealousies and animosities in their own ranks are the most dangerous obstacles they must encounter. Without going back farther than the recollection of the present generation, we see Clay, Webster, Calhoun and Benton, of Webster, Benton, Clay, Calhoun and Seward, with many other prominent leaders, each of whom was sacrificed by factious opposition in the ranks of their own parties. That Blaine and Sherman, whatever their abilities and merits, stand as prominent targets for uneasy politicians, must be conceded.

Republicanism, with its glorious past, cannot afford to falter. It must waive all issues of strife and personal preferences, and be prepared to roll up such majorities that the Solid South and fraudulent Democracy combined cannot overthrow. Let union harmony and honor rule our councils, and we come over all impediments to the greatness of Republican free government as administered by our country's savors, Washington and Lincoln.

Will not the name of Robert Lincoln ensure us a glorious triumph, and a hopeful promise of security for the future?—M.

$300 for a Wife,

If each reader of the BLADE will accept the offer of the Chicago Stationery Co. in another column they will receive a free premium. Express company receipts and letters from those who received the August premiums were examined by our Chicago agent. He says customers are delighted; the stationery is of fine quality; that every reader should accept the offer.

Johnny's Illustration.

A Boston mother was assisting her little boy the other evening in the mastery of his geography lesson, and coming to the description of a desert, which formed part of the lesson to be memorized, she quoted the words of the text book to the effect that it was "a barren tract." The little fellow repeated the descriptive phrase after her, but his air of mystification showed that he hadn't the slightest idea of the meaning conveyed by the group of words, and, the better to reach his youthful understanding she endeavored to simplify the description by defining it as "a place where nothing would grow." The boy's face brightened with the light of awakened intelligence, and the mother, proud and expectant, put the question: "Now, Johnny what is a desert?" Prompt came the response: "Pa's bald head!"

Stuttering and Stammering Can be Cured.

I have had an impediment in my speech for twenty years; have received but eight treatments from Dr. E. B. Rivenburh, 168 and 170 Washington street, and I am now able to converse and read fluently. I advise all who stammer to go and see Dr. Rivenburgh and be cured.

WM. R. JENNINGS, South Chicago, Ill.

I will gladly give further information to any who are afflicted.

NEXT YEAR'S CONTEST.

How the Leading Organ of Pennsylvania Republicanism Views It.

Philadelphia Press.

With the elections of 1887 over, men turn to the Presidential contest of 1888 in the light of their results. Here is a table of the Republican and Democratic states, and those that may be fairly classed as doubtful, with their respective electoral votes:

REPUBLICAN.		DEMOCRATIC.	
California	8	Alabama	10
Colorado	3	Arkansas	7
Illinois	22	Delaware	3
Iowa	13	Florida	4
Kansas	9	Georgia	12
Maine	6	Kentucky	13
Massachusetts	14	Louisiana	8
Michigan	13	Maryland	8
Minnesota	7	Mississippi	9
Nebraska	5	Missouri	16
Nevada	3	North Carolina	11
New Hampshire	4	South Carolina	9
Ohio	23	Tennessee	12
Oregon	3	Texas	13
Pennsylvania	30	Virginia	12
Rhode Island	4	West Virginia	6
Vermont	4		
Wisconsin	11	Total	153
Total	182		

DOUBTFUL.			
Connecticut	6	New Jersey	9
Indiana	15	New York	36

Totald oubtful 66

There are some foot-notes that should go with this table:

1. The Pacific states—California, Oregon and Nevada—are put down in the sure Republican column. They *are* sure with the right kind of a candidate—not otherwise.

2. Every Southern state is placed in the sure Democratic column. But with the right kind of a campaign there may be a fighting chance for the Republicans to carry North Carolina, Tennessee and West Virginia.

3. Of the states classed as doubtful Connecticut, Indiana and New Jersey went Republican in their latest elections, and New York Democratic. But they are really doubtful.

4. The Democrats can not elect the next President without carrying New York. If they should carry all the other doubtful states and lose New York, they will still lack eighteen votes of enough. Or, if they should carry New York and lose the other doubtful states they would fail twelve votes short. In order to win they must carry both New York and Indiana, or New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, besides the Solid South.

5. The Republicans can win by either one of the following combinations;

Sure Republican states	182
Indiana	15
New Jersey	9
Total	206
Or this:	
Sure Republican states	182
Indiana	15
Connecticut	6
Total	203
Or this:	
Sure Republican states	182
New York	36
Total	218

Or if the Republicans can carry North Carolina, Tennessee and West Virginia they can afford to lose all the Northern doubtful states. Or, if they can carry Indiana and any one of these three they can afford to lose New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. And there is no good reason why they shouldn't carry them all.

On the whole, the Republicans can face the next Presidential contest with full courage.

Deep Sea Wonders

exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed.

MUMMIES AS MEDICINE.

Remains of Egyptians Turned Into Drugs a Century or Two Ago.

Among the standard medicines quoted in the medical books of Nuremberg of 200 years ago are "portions of the embalmed bodies of men's flesh brought from the neighborhood of Memphis, where there are many bodies that have been buried for more than 1,000 years, called mumia, which have been embalmed with costly salves and balsams, and smell strongly of myrrh, aloes, and other fragrant things."

The learned doctors of France, Germany, and Italy all made great use of this eccentric drug, and in the seventeenth century grievous complaints arose of its adulteration. M. Poinet, chief apothecary to the French king, recorded that the king's physician went to Alexandria to judge for himself on this matter, and, having made friends with a Jewish dealer in mummies, was admitted to his storehouse, where he saw piles of mummies. He asked what kind of bodies were used and how they were prepared. The Jew informed him that he took such bodies as he could get, whether they died of some disease or some contagion. He embalmed them with the sweepings of various old drugs, myrrh, aloes, pitch and gums; wound them about with cere-cloth and then dried them in an oven, after which he sent them to Europe and marveled to see that the Christians were lovers of such filthiness. But even this revelation did not suffice to put mummy physic out of fashion, and we know that Francis I. of France, always carried with him a well-filled medicine chest, of which this was the principal ingredient.

A traveler also records how one of his friends found in the tombs of Ghizeh a jar carefully sealed, which he opened and found to contain such excellent honey that he could not resist eating a good deal of it, and was only checked in his feast by drawing out a hair, whereupon he investigated further and found that the body of an ancient Egyptian baby in good condition and adorned with jewels. He does not record how he enjoyed that meal in retrospect. Imagine dining off the honeyed essence of a baby Pharaoh!

—Coffee Substitute benefits brain workers. Laboring men like it. Saves nine-tenths of your coffee money. Recipe sent for 12 two cent stamps.—CHASE Co., Sparta, Ohio.

Managed to Get the Best of Him.

A gentleman about to close his summer house at Nahant, conceived what he considered a brilliant idea to insure the daily personal inspection of every room in his villa during the winter by the old man in whose charge the establishment was to be left. Accordingly, he said to the old man that he would leave all his clocks one in each room, at Nahant during the winter, and he desired that every one should be wound up at a regular hour each day. The old man concurred in the plan with all his heart, and promises he would not fail. The house was closed. The owner bragged a good deal about his scheme for having every room guarded against leaks, etc., during the winter, and came to Boston. A week or two afterward this gentleman thought he would take a run down to Nahant and see how things were going. When he arrived there he found the man, who was very glad to see him, and told him that he had wound each clock faithfully as he had directed. On entering the house the two proceeded to the rear drawing room, and the astonishment of the owner may be better imagined than described. When he saw ranged along in a row his thirteen clocks, which the old man had brought down to save himself the trouble of going all over the house every day.—*Boston Gazette.*

Offer No. 174.

FREE!—To MERCHANTS ONLY: An elegant Carving Set (knife, fork and Steel), in satin-lined case. Address at once, R. W. TANSILL & Co., 55 State Street, Chicago.

Things Women Should Know.

Be particular to wash bright tinware in clean but soapy water, with as much care as if it were silver. Do not forget to clean the grooves and screws. Greasy ironware should be wiped out first with soft paper to absorb the grease, then washed in scalding hot suds and well dried—not with the dish cloth, but with a dry towel. Lukewarm or greasy water and wet wiping towels, or the dish cloth used instead of the towel for wiping, should never be allowed under any circumstances in cleaning dishes. When all are wiped, see that your hands are dry, then pack all things of a kind together and distribute to their places. Wash the basin, dipper, soap dish, dish pan and sink with clean, hot suds. Then take clean water and soap and wash the towels and cloths; rinse in cold water, wring them and shake them thoroughly, and hang them up in the sun, if possible. If the towels are only slightly wet and not soiled, they must be washed in clear water just the same, and never allowed to dry with the dish water or rinse water in them.

Offer No. 176.

FREE!—To MERCHANTS ONLY: One Williams' "Perfection" Electro-Magnetic Battery. Address at once, R. W. TANSILL & Co., Chicago.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES'S SLIP

He Gives Offense to a Lady He Meant to Compliment.

Here is a three-cornered bit of gossip that may amuse you, concerning as it does our own Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the wife of our minister to England, Mrs. Phelps, and Mrs. Proctor, the widow of Barry Cornwall.

Mrs. Proctor, it must be understood, is the most remarkable old lady in London society, in which she has figured for over sixty years. Charles Dickens said when he wanted to be "brightened up" he went to her, and the leading literary men of today imitate his example.

Now 87 years of age, the old lady who knew fifty years of golden wedded life before she left her husband, is indefatigable in pursuing the pleasures of the world, and having quite worn out her middle-aged daughter, has taken under her social wing a very pretty granddaughter, who is seen everywhere with her.

Mrs. Proctor has a flat, charmingly furnished, in the Albert mansions. It is, however, on the fourth floor, and when the wonderful dame returns from a ball or theater party and finds the elevator has stopped running for the night she makes nothing of tripping up the four flights of stairs, swallowing a cup of coffee and reading a new novel before she goes to bed. This is a long preface, but the subject is tempting.

Now, it happened that when Wendell Holmes, as the English called him, was spending some of his delightful "hundred days" in London, he frequently encountered Mrs. Proctor, and was fascinated by her wit, her power of repartee and store of rich recollections, as people usually are. The ancient lady in turn pronounced the Doctor to be the most charming American she had ever met, and was enchanted with his delicate humor, his originality and learning.

All was well until Dr. Holmes put his impression on paper, when, like many a lesser literary light, he extinguished himself in the good graces of the person he wished most to distinguish by one single ill-considered phrase in a paragraph of graceful compliment.

Here you have the paragraph confessedly written with Mrs. Proctor in mind:

"The octogenarian Londoness has been in society—let us say in the highest society—all her days. She is as tough as an old macaw, or she would not have lasted so long. She has seen and talked with all the celebrities of three generations, all the beauties of at least half a dozen decades. Her wits have been kept bright by constant use, and as she is free of speech it requires some courage to face her. Yet nobody can be more agreeable, even to young persons, than one of these precious old dowagers. A great beauty is almost equally thinking of her looks while one is talking to her; an authoress is waiting to have one praise her book; but a grand old lady, who loves London society, who lives in it, who understands young people and all sorts of people, with her high colored recollections of the past and of her great maternal interests in the new generation, is the best of companions, especially over a cup of tea just strong enough to stir up her talking ganglions."

With fire in her eye, the grand old lady, when she had finished the article, drove at once to the residence of our minister to the court of St. James. It happened to be Mrs. Phelps' day for receiving, but that lady had scarcely time to greet her visitor before the latter exclaimed: "Well, madam, and what do you think of your friend Holmes now? He too put me down as a tough old macaw! The impudence of it! Pray do you have no ladies in your country that he makes such a to-do over one?"

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Phelps, naturally taken aback at this sudden onslaught; "we have a good many."

"And what do they do, please, that they are never heard of?" demanded the octogenarian Londoness, with some asperity.

"Why, they generally stay at home and look after the cooking," (?) was the dreadful rejoinder.

And no one knows to this day whether Mrs. Phelps meant to be dreadful or only literal.—*London Letter.*

Musical instruments at wholesale prices. Band and orchestra music a specialty. Send for lists. Mention BLADE. E. T. ROOT & SONS, 75 Jackson st., Chicago, Ill.

RELICS OF OLD RACES.

Thhey Include the Remains of an Ancient City—Skillfully Made Stone Weapons.

A correspondent writing from Tucson, A. T., says that some very important discoveries concerning prehistoric races have been made during the past year by Prof. Frank Cushman, who has charge of an exploring expedition in the Salt River Valley in Southern Arizona. The remains of an ancient city were found. Investigation showed that the city extended out in all directions from a palace or temple. The foundations of many of the houses had been exposed, many of them consisting of but a single room, but now and then there would be one of larger and more ample proportions, and in most of the larger ones there had been found burial vaults and skeletons. Some two thousand of these skeletons had been exhumed. There was a general burial ground where the dead seemed to have been thrown in promiscuously. Large quantities of pottery were found in the tombs and dwellings. The finer pieces were of many different shades, but were all of light color, with black markings and figures, reminding one greatly of ancient Egyptian pottery. The inferior specimens look much like that made by the Arizona Indians of to day. No iron, copper or metal instruments have been found, but great quantities of stone axes, stone pestles and mortars, bone needles, and knives, and other such materials as belong to the stone age. The skill with which these articles were made, was far superior to that shown by the Indians found in America by the whites.

Mr. Cushman found a good deal of wheat and barley and other grain, all of it, of course, in a charred and blackened condition. He had also traced several canals, and had found the ruins of a large reservoir, so that he had no doubt extensive irrigation had been carried on, and that all the valley had been under cultivation. He thinks there must have been a population of at least 25,000 in the ruined city he was exploring, and that most of the inhabitants lived by cultivating the soil of the surrounding country. Mr. Cushman thinks that these ancient dwellers suffered from some great calamity like the inhabitants of Herculaneum and Pompeii. It was probably a great earthquake. He found skeletons under the walls of houses, lying as if the walls had suddenly fallen upon the persons and crushed them to death. They were no doubt a religious people, strongly superstitious, so that they saw in the calamity that befell them a warning to seek some other abode. They probably moved southward, and may have been their descendants that the Spaniards found in Mexico. They were certainly equal in intelligence and general advancement to the Aztecs.

Specimens of the houses and implements have been gathered for the Smithsonian Institute, in the interest of which the investigation has been conducted.

The Heroism of Women.

The number is legion who are chronic invalids, and are extremely puzzled to tell what ails them. They are miserable, extremely miserable. Especially may this be said of a very large class of females. They have a heavy, weighty feeling as if being dragged to the earth; a misery in their back; an all gone feeling. Scarcely able to put one foot before another, and yet seeing the work must be done, they go on, a martyr to duty, from early morn till late at night, keeping about from the mere force of will. Arising in the morning but little refreshed by the few hours of broken sleep; no one but themselves knowing that the incessant aches and pains had robbed them of that much needed rest.

The following is a brief statement taken from one of many letters received of similar import:

CULPEPPER, VA., May 21, 1886.

"DRS. STARKEY & PALEN:—I wrote you my symptoms some over ago last February, when I was taking the Compound Oxygen, then given me by a friend, but I was so very weak and nervous at that time I doubt if it was sufficiently legible.

"My doctor treated me for catarrhal consumption, and gave me all kinds of medicines for suppression, but they only seemed to increase my pain. At last he concluded there was some organic derangement, and gave me a surgical treatment, which instead of relieving me, increased my agony, producing inflammation that reached the brain, making me utterly sleepless and delirious for months.

"One day a friend came to see me who had a part of a Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen at her house, and persuaded me to try it. She sent it to me, and I commenced using it, but I must confess with very little faith. After using it about a week my nose bled very profusely, and I felt great relief from the brain pressure that had kept me crazed for months. I began to sleep. My friend came to see me, though my doctor had said if I ever got better, or lived, I would never recover my mind. He seemed surprised that I had. He recommended surgical treatment, but I had suffered so much by that from him, I would not trust it again. This was about a year ago, and I was an invalid until a month or so since, when I commenced to drag around a little, becoming so tired I could not rest. But since using Compound Oxygen I can rest and walk about, and the cold I had when the Compound Oxygen arrived soon disappeared. I am stronger and better than for years. Have resumed my old Sunday-school class, and played on the organ last Sunday.

There are very many people interested in the treatment which has done so much for this lady in Virginia. If you wish fuller information send to Drs. Starkey and Palen, 1529 Arch street, Philadelphia, Pa., for their treatise, which is sent free.

OFFICIAL REPORT ON FOOD.

The Ohio Food Commissioner, Hon. S. H. Hurst, has made an investigation of the Baking Powders sold in this State, the analysis being made by Prof. H. A. Weber, State Chemist, and from the report we make the following extracts:

The Commissioner says: "The best Baking Powder is, of course, that in which (the ingredients being healthful) the largest amount of carbonic acid gas is generated to the spoonful of powder, and least amount and least hurtful character of the resultant salt remains in the bread."

Thirty brands were examined, and we give below the names of the twelve strongest as shown by the report.

Name,		Per cent of gas.
Horsford's,	(phosphate)	13.00
Cleveland's,	(cream tartar)	12.80
Royal,	" "	11.80
Pearson's	" "	12.60
Wheeler's,	(alum)	11.35
Upper Ten,	(cream tartar)	11.30
Sterling,	" "	11.10
Zipp's	(alum)	10.90
Snow Drift,	(cream tartar)	10.60
Dr. Price's,	" "	10.50
Jersey,	(alum)	10.40
Dowd's,	(cream tartar)	10.00

The report also says that the Horsford's contains the nutritious phosphates, while all the cream tartar powders contain tartrate of potassium and sodium, and the alum powders contain hydrate of alumina, sodium sulphate and ammonium sulphate.

The idea of introducing the phosphates into the food by means of a baking powder was conceived by Prof. Horsford, formerly Professor of Chemistry in Harvard University, several years ago, and if report be true, he has not only been remarkably successful in making such a product, but also in selling it. It is well known that the phosphates constitute practically the only nutritious portion of the wheat grain, actual experiment having shown that wheat which had been deprived of its phosphates would not sustain life. It is also well known that in the process of bolting our fine wheat flour nearly all of the phosphates are lost in the bran, and that, therefore, fine-wheat flour alone will not sustain life. Prof. Horsford's idea was to restore these lost phosphates in the form of a baking powder. The above report shows that he has not only done this, but has also produced a powder that is the strongest one in the market.

BIXBY WAS CALM.

How He Acted When the Baby Had the Croup.

One of the Bixby children was seized with a fit of croup the other night. Bixby heard the little fellow's labored breathing, and bounding clear over the footboardjof the bed, yelled "Croup!" in about the same voice that the escaped idiot yells "Fire!" at the theater.

Then he tried to put his trousers on over his head, but finally got them on wrong side out, and tore into his shirt with it wrong side in front.

"Jump!" he screamed to his wife, "there isn't a second to lose! Get the syrup of squills! Put on a tub of hot water! Give him something to drink! Get hot flannels on his chest instantly! Hurry! hurry! Don't lie there doing nothing while the child is choking to death! Fly around"!

Mrs. Bixby is one of those meek but eminently sensible and practical little women who never get a tenth part of the credit for the good they do in this world. While Bixby was racing up and down stairs, declaiming that nobody was doing anything but himself, Mrs. Bixby quietly took the little sufferer in hand.

"Do something quick!" screeched Bixby, as he upset a pan of hot water on the bed and turned a saucer of melted lard over on Lizzessing case. "Here, somebody, quick!" he yelled. "Can't anybody do a thing but me? Run for the doctor, some of you. Give the child some more squills. Is there anything hot at his feet? Give him aconite. He ought to have a spoon of oil. If he don't get relief instantly he'll die, and there's nobody trying to do a thing but me! Bring him some warm water with a little soda in it. He ought to have been put into a hot bath an hour ago. Heat up the bath-room! What's on his chest? Great heavens! has the child got to die because no one will do a thing for him?"

Mrs. Bixby quietly, and unaided, brings the child around all right and sits with him until daylight, after she has quieted Bixby down and got him to bed.

And next morning he has the gall to say at the office: "One of my little chaps nearly died with the croup last night, and I had mighty hard work bringing him around all right, but I did, after working like a Trojan all night. It's a terrible disease, and scares women nealy to death. They fly all to pieces right off. A person wants their wits about them. You want to keep perfectly cool and not feel away a second in hysterics. That's where a man has the advantage over a woman in managing a case of croup. It's might lucky I was at home to take my little chap in hand".—*Ted Bits.*

A Daughter's Marriage is Very Expensive.

If general prosperity may be gauged in this country as it is in England, by the amount of money put into circulation through the medium of the luxuries, then this season should prove an unusually fortunate one to a large part of the community. For never have bridal festivities been so sumptuous in their appointments and brides so costly in their apparel as they have been during the last six weeks. Any one afflicted father with a marriageable daughter, the eldest of whom has just been started on her wedding tour, in what is called a very simple way—that is, without large checks, houses, lands, or valuable jewels in her trousseau, calculates that $20,000 will barely furnish forth the wedding outfit and expenses, and that $50,000 will, with economy, start the fair bride each one of whose sons, even in the far West or in a good business, could be purchased for less than it costs to marry one girl.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A Singular Case.

A rather singular bet was made in Philadelphia on the night before election. The *Press* says that no money was wagered, but it was agreed that the winner should be privileged at any time within twelve months to call upon the loser at any time, night or day, and in any place, and proclaim in a loud tone: "I own this man. He dare not deny it. I possess a secret about his life that puts him completely in my power. He dare not refuse to do anything I tell him. To prove my assertion I will order him to treat every one within sound of my voice to champagne." Imagine the situation, as our Philadelphia contemporary puts it, should this be sprung upon the unfortunate loser in a crowded cafe, or at a business meeting, or at a banquet. It was unanimously agreed that no matter how offensive the tone or manner might be the loser dare not resent it. The manner in which the gentleman who got on the wrong side of the fence avoids the gentleman who got on the right side in crowded places is amusing, to say the least.

Behold the Bridegroom and the Bride.

A late thing in weddings is for the bride and bridegroom to keep as a profound secret the direction of the bridal trip. They give out that they are going to Washington or Niagara. Then they go to some hotel and leave at a convenient time the next morning on their journey. Sometimes the spirit of mischievous friends find out the destination of the bridal couple, and send their congratulations to the hotel. A case of this kind occurred recently in Brooklyn. The groom got a driver who could not read. He drove over the bridge and dismissed the driver, and then drove in another coach to an uptown hotel. He thought he had evaded all the fun makers. The next morning the bridal couple started for Washington by the Pennsylvania route. What was their astonishment to find a family delegation at the depot to bid them good morning, and to wish them joy on their wedding trip. But how the secret leaked out is a mystery that the groom has been unable to solve.—*N. Y. Letter.*

The Irishman and the Ariel.

They were discussing the tariff question, and a senator said: "Well, I guess the Irishman gave about as good an epitome of it as could well be. He wanted to buy some eggs. 'How much are those eggs?' he asked. 'Two for six cents.' 'Begorrah, in ould Ireland I could get them for a penny.' 'Why didn't you stick to Ireland, then?' 'Sure an' I didn't have the penny.'" *San Francisco Chronicle.*

Did It with an Effort.

Wife (who has had her photograph taken)—"I dont think the expression about the mouth, John, is too firm."

Husband.—"A trifle, perhaps, but it was probably an effort for you to keep it shut, my dear."—*New York Sun.*

A Necessary Preliminary.

Uncle Rastus (to lawyer)—Ise 'cused ob stealin' er pa' ob trousers, Mistah Blank. Kin I git yo' to defen' me?

Lawyer—I'm very busy, Uncle Rastus, but I guess I can help you out if the trial comes off at once.

Uncle Rastus—Well, Ise got to go home fust, sah, and change my trousers.—*New York Sun.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption, if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

Publishers' Column.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

Munckacsy's celebrated painting of "Christ Before Pilate" is one of the grandest paintings of modern times. This painting recently sold for $120,000 cash. Everybody is familiar with its history. Briefly described, it represents the figure of our Savior with his hands bound, erect, composed, gazing steadfastly on the face of Pilate, who sits in judgment on the throne. Around and behind crowd the rabble of Jerusalem, some frantic, others idlers. Also conspicuously appear in the scene Caiaphas the accuser, Roman soldier holding the mob in check, two elders, a rich banker, a young rewdy, a young mother holding child, and others apparently bent on killing time. The BLADE has purchased a large quantity of Photo Etchings of this celebrated painting, printed on heavy plate paper, size 21x28 inches. This photo etching is a fac-simile of the original picture, and a perfect reproduction. It has been always sold for one dollar. We have determined to sell thousands of them very quickly, and therefore offer them postpaid by mail to our readers at 25 cents each. Address the BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

ANEROID BAROMETER.

As a fitting successor to the celebrated Waterbury watch, of which the BLADE has sold nearly twenty thousand, we offer the Aneroid barometer in nickel-plated case, with suspensory ring and feet to stand on mantel, enameled open card dial 2¾ inches in diameter, glass front with indicator and registerpointer, (or brass hand) which, when set over indicator shows whether the barometer is rising or falling. This is a most complete and useful instrument. The protection they now afford to life and property throughout the world by forotelling weather changes and the approach of violent storms is worth millions of dollars every year. The U. S. Signal Service says: "After investigating 600 tornadoes we have found that a fall of the barometer goes before a storm." The barometer falls usually from 12 to 48 hours before a rain, and from "much rain" to "stormy," a few hours before a violent storm. No farmer or other person whose work has to be done out of doors, or whose property is liable to damage or loss by rain, can afford to do without one. Many a time one will save **five times** its cost in a single day. Before a storm reaches you it will tell you whether it will be light or dangerous. It will tell you when to cut grass with safety, and how long you can leave hay or grain out to dry, when to sow seed before a rain, and if you intend going to a fair or festival with your family, whether you will have a pleasant day of comfort and enjoy ment, or a day of rain and discomfort. No person owning a good barometer will ever consent to do without it.

This instrument must not be compared with the cheap glass instruments that the country has been flooded with. It is made on scientific principles and is as fine a piece of mechanism as the most expensive watch. It retails regularly at $5, but having ordered a large quantity made for clubbing with the BLADE, we are enabled to offer the BLADE one year, and one of these barometers prepaid to any address on receipt of $4.50. Address

THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

CHOICE 464-acre farm, Bond county, Ill., offered this month at $20 per acre, worth $35. Also 80 acres 1 arm 1 and $2,000. Also, in St. Francois county, Mo., 320-acre stock and grain Farm, $5,000; also 41 acre Farm, $3,000. Easy payments, with possession. Apply to Thos. Betts, 518 Chestnut st., St. Louis, Mo.

A Silent Protector for Gents, only 25 cents, 7 for 50 cents, 7 for $1. Ladies' Shields, 50 cents, 2 for $1. Silent Assistant, Sheets, one of each, $1. French Rubber Co., Box 127, Boston, Mass.

LADIES, DR. CATON'S French Regulators. Iron Pills never fail. Try them. Relieve pain, insure Regularity. Safe and Effectual. Fair superior to ergot, pennyroal, oxide of zinc, etc. By package mailed, plain and well sealed, by Dr. R. F. Caton, Box 5257, Boston, Mass.

X-MAS NUMBER READY.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK

EDITED BY MRS. J. C. CROLY
(JENNIE JUNE)

It is impossible to tell in an advertisement all of the many good things to be contained in GODEY for 1888.

With the January number, GODEY will begin a striking and original story of American life, by an American author, entitled "The Representative from Raccoon."

Also a charming, characteristic and altruistic story by EDGAR FAWCETT, author of "Silhouettes," etc., etc., entitled "Two Enemies."

It will pay all readers to send 15c. for the Christmas sample number and see themselves what is offered. It contains the prospectus, premium list and club rates.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, Phila., Pa.

$300 REWARD! A LOST WIFE.

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The Household.

MISS EMILY S. BOUTON . . . . EDITOR.

HOME TALKS.

IS IT INNATE DEPRAVITY?

EMILY S BOUTON.

The subject of innate human depravity is one which has always agitated my mind to no inconsiderable degree, because if I was obliged to admit that, it opened the door to some of the other old Calvinistic doctrines that bear the impress of man's imperfect and arbitrary thought, rather than of the inspiration of a loving, just, and merciful Father. I do not want to believe in it—to look at the prattling, innocent little one, who seems as pure as the snowflake that steals noiselessly down like a visitant from another world, and think that in that baby form is held germs of cruelty and vice that may some time shock the world with their development. Nero was a baby once; so was Caligula, so were the Borgias. There never was a bloodthirsty wretch who lived that had not once smiled up sweetly into its mother's face. The cruelty of maturity may be accounted for however, by wrong training and evil influences warping what was otherwise pure and good, but how explain the cruelty of little children towards what is weak and in their power.

It is one of the most common sights, that of a troop of boys, little fellows often just out of skirts, following, with shouts of pleasure, some little miserable cat or dog to which they have fastened a tin pail, that the tortured animal evidently regards with the most abject terror. No thought seems to come to them that they are doing a mean, contemptible, cowardly thing, in thus abusing what has just as good a right to life and liberty and pleasure as they have. Of course these little fellows have not yet studied moral ethics, but if the human heart in the beginning is more prone to kindness and gentleness, than to cruelty, why is it that these boys take such keen delight in making animals suffer? Not long ago a little kitten, a beautiful, graceful animal, so full of sportiveness that even a strange place could not prevent its ebullitions of play, paid us a visit of several hours' duration, and then, being shut out of doors for a time, wandered away. The next I knew of the little frolicksome creature, it had been hunted to death, and a crowd of boys were dragging the body along, tied to a string, with apparently not the slightest thought that they had taken away ruthlessly what God, and not any human power, had given. Why should they? They had never been taught that there was anything that had rights equal to those of human beings. The old doctrine, which, by the way, I think is an abominable one, that everything was created for man's service and pleasure, could have no other outcome than the cultivation of tyranny, even if there was an original sense of justice in their nature.

It really matters little, however, whether depravity is innate or cultivated; whether natural tendencies are toward angelhood or its opposite, so long as the results of living are what they are. It is, however, a vital question as to whether home and social influence might not temper this spirit of cruelty with mercy. Personally, I do not believe in the innate depravity business. Something of course should be put down to heredity, for certain tendencies crop out strongly, generation after generation, and there are also abnormal developments in ways of wickedness. Generally speaking, however, the child is like plastic clay, ready to be moulded into whatever form the surroundings make the easiest.

People rarely intend to teach their children cruelty, but they do it nevertheless whenever they kick an unoffending cat or dog out of the way, or whip their horses because they do not always comprehend their wishes. The lesson is not conveyed by words, but by actions, which are stronger than words.

I remember hearing a mother talk to her boy, about his cruelty to his little baby sister, who had broken a favorite plaything. "She knows no better," the mother said, "and see how cruel you were to strike her when she could not defend herself."

While the mother was talking a pet kitten sprang into her lap and began playing with her work, tangling the thread and loosing the needle. Raising her hand she struck the little creature a blow which sent it spinning to the floor, striking the chair leg as it fell with a force that must have caused it bodily pain. Did she pause in her remonstrance with her boy? Not at all, and the incongruity of the whole thing did not seem to dawn upon her in the slightest degree. The hurt thing in the one case was her baby; in the other a cat, and having been taught that an animal has no soul, why should its body be protected. If the absence of soul though absolves from all consideration of their pleasure or pain, the world has no right to blame the Chinese for their treatment of women, since the latter are believed to be without that requisite for respect and kindness.

A father takes his children out for a drive. Frightened at something by the roadside the horse swerves a little, and then absolutely refuses to proceed. In nine case out of ten the lash will be laid upon his back without stint, until the pain becomes greater than the fear, and the horse proceeds. What sort of a lesson in kindness to animals is that to those children? The readiness with which these little ones can put two and two together is astonishing, and they are very apt to try, on a small scale, whatever they see their elders do.

In truth, the lesson without words which children are learning from their cradle, is that of contempt for all animals which are in their power, and hatred for all those which they have reason to fear. They are rarely made to recognize the fact that the injuries which these dumb creatures inflict are usually in self-defence, or in preservation of what they think their natural rights. For animals both think and reason, and men might sometimes take a lesson from the results.

The movement made within the last few years, towards securing some respect for the rights of animals, will radiate influences for good that will go far beyond the letter of its object. Its projectors and promoters deserve to be canonized as much as any who have labored for humanity. They are teaching that all of God's creatures are entitled to a fair chance for life and the happiness they are prepared to enjoy, whether that life has been given human expression or not. They are showing that the brute enclosed in human form is not as worthy of consideration as the self-respecting animal. Let no one be surprised at my use of the last adjective. Any one familiar with these creatures that have not the gift of speech, knows there are those that are honest, kind, faithful and affectionate, holding a trust sacred and even dying to preserve it from betrayal, while, as in the human family, there are others, vicious and untrustworthy.

So long as older people exhibit this carelessness and cruelty towards the helpless brute creature, so long may children be expected to disregard the sufferings they inflict upon those in their power. And the evil does not stop with the pain of what they are persecuting, but it reacts upon themselves, and they grow up into men and women with sensibilities that are blunted, with less of tenderness towards those they love, with natures far less rich in what makes true nobility. The tying of a tin pail to a dog or cat and enjoying its misery, brutalizes every child who takes part in the cruel sport, but no more than he is brutalized by the inhumanity he sees daily exhibited toward the animal creation upon the part of those he is expected to honor.

FANCY WORK AND HOUSE DECORATION.

Altar Cloth.—A friend in Michigan writes to ask how to make a covering for an altar in a room when the meetings of a Veteran's Relief society is held, which will not be too expensive. Anything for such a purpose should be plain and rich. One that will not be very costly can be made of a square of dark green felt with a deep border of crimson plush. In the corners have stamped upon the plush a conventional pattern to be followed with heavy tinsel cord of a color to harmonize with the center. This will be very handsome. Of course the colors can be varied to suit the carpet or walls.

Doylies.—"Dewdrop," Liberty, Ind., wants to know how to make some pretty doylies and a tray cloth to match. Get fine linen, cut it in pieces eight inches square, fringe the edges about half an inch deep, overcast with fine stitches to prevent ravelling, and then have them stamped with some pretty designs to be etched with the wash etching silks, which can be bought in the most beautiful colors.

Instead of fringing the edges a very pretty way is to turn down a hem an inch wide and hemstitch them around, then etch as before.

Doylies are very handsome made of bolting cloth or of fine linen muil, but these should be hemmed instead of fringed. The centers may be either etched, embroidered or hand-painted, but in the latter case the process should be used that permits of washing.

The tray cloth to match should be large enough to lay over an ordinary tray. The edges may be fringed should that be the way the doylies are finished, or a hem an inch and a half broad with drawn work inside is very pretty. The corners may be etched, and a motto worked through the center, or put a monogram in one corner and a handsome spray of flowers in the center. The tray cloth ought to be of linen, which may be as fine as one desires, but the embroidery and finishing can match the doylies, even though they should be made of the bolting cloth.

Handkerchief Case.—Get a piece of copper-colored plush, or of dark green, twelve inches wide and sixteen inches long. Fold it into two leaves, and upon one side under a sprig of apple blossoms, or of forget-me-nots. Put in an interlining of crinoline, and over that a thin sheet of wadding, upon which sachet powder has been sprinkled. Then hem upon the turned in edges of the plush a lining of light blue moire-antique and finished the edge around with a cord containing the colors of the outside and lining and some silver. Tie it around with ribbon, width No. 8 of moire, which must be firmly sewed to the plain side of the case. This is to lie flat upon a table or bureau.

Send 25 cents to Miss Emily S. Bouton, Toledo, O., for "Fancy Work and House Decoration" to help you get ready for Christmas.

KNITTING AND CROCHETING.

Knitting Abbreviations—k, knit; p, purl or seam; p 2 tog, purl two together; n, narrow; s and l, slip and bind; t t o, throw thread over; b, bind; o, over; sl, slip; n, make.

Crocheting Abbreviations—l, loop; s c, single crochet; d c, double crochet; ch st, chain stitch; ci ch st, close chain stitch; d c st, double chain stitch; p, picot; r c, ribbed crochet; c st st, crossed treble stitch; sh st, shell stitch; o s st, open shell stitch; t, treble; sh c, short crochet.

Spider Tidy.—In answer to B. E. Johnson's request for a crocheted tidy, I will send a pretty pattern: Make a chain of 168 stitches. 1st row—miss 5—1 t in the next—2 ch—miss 2—1 t in the next—repeat from * to end—turn, 55 spaces in all). 2d row—3 ch—3 t in 1st space—* 2 ch—miss 1 space—4 t—(these four trebles will hereafter be called a shell) in next space worked under the ch repeat from * twice—13 ch—miss 1 space—(4 t in next) * 2 ch—miss 1 space—sh in next space—repeat from last * twice—This finishes the 1st row of the 1st stripe. Now make a chain of 15 stitches—miss 5 spaces—repeat the directions for the 2d stripe beginning with 4 t—2 ch, etc.—then 15 ch—and repeat the directions for the 3rd stripe—turn. In the succeeding rows the directions will only be given for the first stripe. Of course repeat the same directions for the next two stripes, a ch of 15 being made between each stripe. 3d row—5 ch—sh in 1st space—* 2 ch—sh in next space—repeat from * once—7 ch—1 d c in middle loop of 15 ch in previous row—7 ch—sh in space after 13 ch—2 ch—sh—2 ch—sh—2 ch—1 t on edge t of row—turn. 4th row—3 ch—3 t—sh in 1st space—2 ch shell in next space—2 ch—sh in next space—7 ch—3 d c, the middle one in the d c of previous and the others on each side of it—7 ch—sh in 1st space—2 ch—sh—2 ch sh—(at the end the sh is worked under 5 ch, with which the previous row began—turn. 5th row—5 ch—sh in 1st space—2 ch—sh—7 ch—5 d c (one on each side of 3 d c in previous row)—7 ch—sh in 1st space—2 ch—sh—2 ch—1 t on edge t—turn. 6th row—3 ch—3 t in 1st space—2 ch—sh—7 ch—7 d c, the first before and the last after 5 d c of previous row—7 ch—sh in 1st space—2 ch—sh—turn. 7th row—5 ch—sh—9 ch—9 d c—9 ch—sh in 1st space—2 ch—1 t on edge t—turn. 8th row—3 ch—3 t in 1st space—2 ch—sh, putting first t in last t of previous row—under 4 t—shell—7 ch—7 d c, missing first and last d c of previous row—7 ch—sh, (putting 3 t under ch and last t on 1st t of last row)—2 ch—sh—turn. 9th row—5 ch—sh—2 ch—sh, putting 1 t in last t of last row and 3 t under ch—7 ch—5 d c—7 ch—sh—3 t, under 7 ch of last row and one on 1st t of sh—2 ch—sh—2 ch—1 t—turn. 10th row—3 ch—3 t—2 ch—sh—2 ch—sh—7 ch—3 d c—7 ch—sh—under 7 ch—2 ch—sh—2 ch—sh—turn; 11th row—5 ch—sh—2 ch—sh—2 ch—sh—7 ch—1 d c—7 ch—sh under 7 ch of last row—2 ch—sh—2 ch sh—2 ch—11 on edge—turn; 12th row—3 ch—3 t—2 ch—sh—repeat from * twice, the first treble of last sh being worked on last treble of sh of previous row and 3 trebles being worked under 7 ch—2 ch—sh under 7 ch * 2 ch—sh—repeat from last * twice—turn; 13th row—5 ch—sh * 2 ch—sh in next space repeat from * all the way across ending in 2 ch—1 t on edge t. This completes one spider; repeat from the 2 row until the tidy is the desired length.

The border 1st round—11—2 ch—1 t—2 ch—all around working it full at the corners; 2d round—1 d c—4 ch—miss one space—1 d c—4 ch—1 t—all in next space; repeat all around; 3rd round—1 d c on d c—4 ch—4 t—separated by 1 ch; all under 2 ch of previous row, repeat; 4th round—1 d c on d c—4 ch—2 t under each one ch of last round—4 ch—repeat all around, add ribbon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOMAN'S WORK NOT APPRECIATED.—"I don't think a woman has any right to ask such a thing; as long as she is provided for, what business has she to interfere, or expect a man to make such a sacrifice?"

The speaker was an energetic young man of two or three and twenty, who considered himself quite advanced in the knowledge of what was right and wrong, and intended whenever he became the head of a family to assert his rights and occupy his proper sphere." Like many others, he did not believe that it was at all needful for women to have individual possessions—the old adage, that "What belonged to the husband was his own, while the wife's little earnings were a corporate affair," was his theory. The woman referred to was a mother, and one who was on the down hill of life; who had worked hard, suffered much, and sacrificed everything for her family. But now she felt the need of an individual income, that would render her somewhat independent in case of adverse fortune, and that her life might be more quiet and less laborious in declining years. "I do not consider this an interference," I suggested, "but merely regulating things as they ought to be." "Isn't she provided for as it is?" he asked. "What does a woman need more than a living made for her?" A living made for her! That woman had for 25 years been housekeeper, kitchen maid, washerwoman, seamstress, teacher of the children, as well as superintendent of a large farm, her husband necessarily being absent a great portion of his time—and yet a living was made for her! There was nothing that she could call her own individual possession—scarcely her own soul, for that had been offered on the altar of a mother's love! And yet there was nothing misplaced, from the gimlet to the hay-rake that she was not interrogated about to know where it was. Her laborious earnings from the dairy and the profits of poultry raising, had supplied the family with groceries besides much of the wearing apparel during the past years—the only one "scrimped" being herself, that she might add to the family income and have an easier time when old age and infirmity were ushered in. But what did all this work and self-denial accomplish? All of the younger members of the family who had lived were boys and these, following their father's example, and one that was obnoxious to the mother. All used tobacco, considering it an absolute necessity, although often honestly acknowledging that it would take the "price of a good horse every year to pay their tobacco bill." What did her savings at the spigot amount to while they were squandering at the bunghole? But some one will say, "but that was a rare exception and such a man is only a brute." It was by no means a rare case. I could point out similar ones every day, and that man was an excellent citizen, a good man and, in the popular definition of the term, a kind husband. The world contains any amount of worse men, and few better ones. But there was a grievous fault there, as there is in un-numbered cases where woman's patient endurance and slavish servitude are not appreciated—at least during life, although often when endurance can last no longer, a costly monument tells of her virtues, which passed unheeded through life. I do not say this is all man's fault—woman is partially to blame, neither am I coming out as a champion of "woman's rights" to initiate myself into the good graces of the ladies; but being familiar with such scenes through years of an extensive medical practice, I have been enabled to see the inside workings of the domestic machine, while those outside would only see the result of such after it was accomplished.

Take a woman's married life for twenty-five years and what is the money value? I am not advocating that a woman's value should be "bid off" at so much money worth—she ought to be, and in a dimly appreciative way is, the cherished object around which every thought and dream of home centers; but I am now speaking of this matter as it does exist and not as it should be. The work that by most women is accomplished in this period of time and for which she would have been paid liberally in a family that could appreciate good help—would aggregate to a little fortune at the wages commonly paid a good servant girl. And what servant would agree to fill all of these positions at once, that these over-burdened wives and mothers fill? But in all these years there was nothing but the bare, unvarnished work—no income to use at her own pleasure, while the savings that have been thrown into the family fund, which would never have had existence under the management of hired help, would make a snug sum in the bank. Is it any wonder that under the monotonous influence of such a hum-drum daily existence, she so early fades or passes away? But, it is argued, there is a unity—and husband and wife are one! This is all true and beautiful, and God holds it so, but does man carry it out at all times? That her natural wants are supplied, so were the absolute wants of the Southern slaves supplied—but was there nothing lacking? And there is much lacking in the lives of most women now, especially among the middle classes. We will not refer to the lack manifested of tenderness and gallantry. That can be reserved for another dose taker on. There is too much work, too little recreation and too little appreciation of the work accomplished! Men, who are deeply immersed in business speculations, who are here and there, talking over this or that topic of the times, forget the poor, weary wives at homes who have none of these privileges, and who often only live to provide for their animal wants.

It is useless for any of us to deny these charges against the negligence, to use the mildest term possible, that is common among men. And there are many other phases that might be portrayed that are no less reprehensible. The remedy is, let there be a reformation, let us not hinder but rather help woman into business channels and seek to offer her into a position having equal privileges with ourselves' while we ask the searching question—"would we be willing to take her place?"

PHILO F. PHINNEY, M. D.

Let the HOUSEHOLD hear again from our correspondent.

FIRESIDE MUSINGS.—I wonder why it is, the future is so entirely hidden from us? Is it because God, in His mercy, veiled our eyes so that we could not see the trouble, the heartache, the anguish of mind with which our lot in life is covered? Could we but look into the future as we could look into a book, and read from it something like this (part of it has been read), at 17: healthy, a common school education, father, mother, brothers and sisters, a good home and plenty of friends, time for visiting, writing or study, play, or any thing else while fancy or inclination moved us; that. But we will turn over a few leaves: Mother sick a long time and dies; father soon follows; property is divided after a good deal of trouble and hard feelings; at the age of 21 marries, moves from old friends and home, among entire strangers, a long struggle with poverty, with the pitiful cry of baby the added cares of children. One little one with its hands folded, robed in white, laid away to sleep. Hard this seems, but in after years it will look like sunshine by the side of the dark days that will come over you, days of care, of work, of pain of body and mind, of unrequited love, of misunderstandings, until all the sweetness of life seems turned to bitterest gall, until the very blackness of darkness has closed around you, until you will cry out in the despair of your heart, let me die, and yet death even will not come to your relief, and you will have to trudge wearily, foot-sore, weary, nearly blind by the tears that you have shed over the graves of loved ones, over harshness and cruelty dealt out to you by those who should be the most loving and forgiving, over blasted hopes, shattered health, remorse, and vain yearnings for a better life until you faint by the way, and Death mercifully throws a shroud over you, and you are laid away from sight. Ah, yes, but this is only the dark side, you will say; there is always a bright side to every one's lot. Yes, there is a bright side, but it is the love of your children and God. That short sentence will take it all in. How many, I ask, would dare live it, and go through all this, or trials of a different nature, yet more than the human heart could bear, if seen and understood beforehand? So it is that our lives is as a concealed book, to be read only as the great Teacher shall open it for us, page by page, day by day. So it is that we read what is written for us today, though it be ever so bad, but turn over the leaf we will find good, or at least better. It has been said that it is the coward who cuts his own life short. Truly it is. Braver it certainly is to live than die.

—ABIGAIL STURGES.

UNDER THE SHADOWS.—Of a Tillamook forest, the noon day sun rests above, save a golden thread which shimmers in a world of green, and pales with the darkness shadows. The hoary spruce and the giant hemlock bathe their heads in brightness, but down, down, at their base the cool and quiet of a grotto exists. In all the wild world, tis hard to find a lonelier spot. Great festoons of greyish moss depend from the spreading branches and the aged bodies are covered with lichen and lichen. In places, a turf of moss rises from the ground, soft and green as emerald of the sea, then again tis brown and withered. In this forest life reigns in death, and in the mouldering tree trunks which have long lain on the ground, may be seen a new generation. A soft and spongy moss enshrouds the decaying parent, a graceful fern let sweetness vies with the squaw-cap's crimson-hooded fruits.

But this solitude is teeming with life. Here the black bear is in his native element, the coon and fisher is at home, the catamount and cougar roam at pleasure and the panther builds his nest.

The trail is leading over rising ground; from the Alden knolls the pheasant's whir and the grouse drums his tattoo of welcome. In the springy swale is imprinted the hoof of the deer and the heavy beaver's trail.

The trail is growing wider, flecks of sunshine falls in the pathway, and the pleasant voice of the sea sweeps up the Tillamook river, from the bay. Now the tide lands are reached, and the raven's croak is forgotten in the brightness. As joy and peace after a night of sorrow, so is the sunlight after the forest's gloom.—BARBARA ALLEN, Tillamook, Oregon.

INQUIRIES.

I should like some one who has tried the rule to tell me what proportion of salt to use in pickling and drying pork and also the way to make apple butter, how many gallons to boil 20 gallons to, and amount of apples used.—MARY.

Miss Nett Newcomb, Orland, Steuben county, Indiana, will correspond with Miss Lydia Bell, Kingerman, Kansas, if the latter will write to her about the nervous fits with which her child is suffering. The remedy sent we cannot publish for obvious reasons.—ED.

I have been successful in making cake for at least 2 years, but now, alas! my cakes are "hit or miss. For instance, the recipe of the Plain or Layer Cake" you give in BLADE of October 27, and which I have always used, now sometimes comes out of the oven in four layers, light and quivering, beautiful in every way; then again it comes out flat and heavy, looking not unlike shoe leather. My loaf cakes ditto. I always mix them the same way, using the same amount &c. Can you tell me why this is? Will you help me? At first I thought it was in the sugar. But I have used every kind with the same result. What kind do good cake makers use, pulverized, granulated, or the cheap white sugar we use for cooking?—OHIO.

Will some one please send pattern through the BLADE for ladies' knitted open work fancy hose?—ELLA KERMEEN, Saratoga, Marshall county, Illinois.

I am old lady and cannot get anything suitable to wear on my head, as there seems to be no patterns for old women. Would some of the sisters send a hood pattern or any kind of bonnet pattern?—MRS. CHIVELL, Thayer, Kansas.

Will "Homeless Nell" please give her address through the BLADE? I would like going to California to work.

HOMELESS MAUDE.

Will some lady or gentleman, living in the southern part of California be so kind as to write to a girl, giving her a description of the soil, climate, products, price of land and whatever would be of interest to one that wishes to go there. Address Box 24, Sistersville, Tyler county, W. Va.

Will some member of the HOUSEHOLD please send directions for making a hair chain? There was one published some time ago but I could not understand it. Also, could I get a drawing of a hair wreath and where?

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

The way to get a ring from a swollen finger is as follows: Wind from the top downwards with a flat rubber braid. Then hold the hand above the head for a brief interval. Repeat this two or three times, and it will be found that the finger will be small enough to remove the ring.—ED.

MRS. J. C. Jones, make your flowers and leaves the same—only stems are made of chain and Kensington stitch. It is more like the trimming their leaves. With care, you can imitate almost anything. I sew my zephyr on material, and trim it off, before I fasten on the stem. If you do not understand I will send a sample to your address. If the lady who has the running cypress will save me some of the seed I will do anything for her. I have lost the seed, and they are my favorite flower.—NAOMI.

For moths use cedar chips, cones or boughs. Will send cones to any one who will pay postage.

Let the lady who wishes her preserves thick use ¾ lbs. sugar to 1 lb. fruit, boil to a thick syrup, put in fruit, boil until tender, remove and allow the syrup to get quite thick and pour over the fruit boiling hot; cook all fruit as rapidly as possible without burning; slowly cooking makes them strong and dark. For jellies boil the liquid very hard for several minutes, add granulated sugar to taste, boil as hard as possible without boiling over until thick enough, you can tell when that is by taking out a spoonful to cool. I have no trouble with mold, but a good way to prevent it is to cut thick white paper the size of your jar, dampen in brandy and put on jelly when cool.

For "Old Bachelor," break your beans as for dinner, put in a small handful of salt on the bottom of jar, a layer of beans, more salt, then put on a good weight to keep them in brine. Salt will put down 1 gallon of beans; slice your cucumbers ¼ inch thick, put 8 lbs. white sugar in 1 qt. good cider vinegar, boil hard a minute or two, then put in 7 lbs. fruit, boil until quite tender, remove from liquid, boil that until quite thick, pour over fruit, add cinnamon bark ¼ oz., other spices in proportion if desired. For fleas—¼ salt to ¼ meal; scatter over floor, let remain some minutes, sweep up and put in a pail of water. For flea bites, bathe with salt.—MAY.

"Anxious Mother," the following remedy for quinsy was sent for you some weeks ago, but failed to appear: Make a strong solution of lobelia; wring a flannel cloth and apply as hot as can be borne. Repeat this three or four times. Relief will be immediate. A cure will be the result if followed each time the child is attacked. This is good also for an aching face or common sore throat. Protect the throat after using this.—MARY.

The inquirer in regard to Chautauqua course will have all of her questions answered by writing to Miss K. F. Kimball, Plainfield, N. J., who is secretary of the association.—ED.

If E. I. G. will take the thistles as soon as they are nicely in bloom, pick with as long stems as possible take off the outside green, first cutting off the red before you peel them and pin them to the wall, she will have nice blossoms for winter.

Tell E. I. F. to peel a quarter of her citron, put in an an agate kettle with plenty of sugar and a little water and stew till tender; take out on plates; then boil the syrup till thick; pour on the citron and stir. It will keep for years to make cake of.—E. E. L.

"Ignorance," a man who stops drinking, not because he thinks it is wrong, but simply to win the hand of the woman he loves, who will not marry him unless he does, is very likely to resume his bad habit sometime. When she is his wife the motive for struggling with his appetite has gone. Of course it is not impossible that he will keep to promises, but the chances are that he will not. It would be a great risk for your friend to take, even if he does as you say, idolize her.—ED.

I am very thankful that I am not editor of the HOUSEHOLD, for I would surely lose my temper, if not my position. One reader will ask a question, and before our editor has time to answer or call on some one else for the desired information, another will ask the same question. Then perhaps some one will send in the selfsame question the week following the well-worded answer of some kind reader. Why is this? 'Tis not right, surely. What do we take the BLADE for? To read. Well, why do you not read it?

"E. J. F." asks "how to prepare citron for cake so it can be kept through the winter." I do not know how it is prepared, but I never had any trouble about keeping it through the winter if I kept it in a dry place and out of cake; it won't keep in cake if I am near. Now, I mean citron, such as we buy. But I think "E. J. F." has reference to citron which is like a watermelon in appearance; if so, I will tell them how I treat it. Soak the rinds over night and morning with strong hop tea. Cover the lungs at night with cloths wet in cold water. When the cloths get hot change them, and always put a dry one on the outside. The sweating is caused by weakness, and can be remedied by drinking licorice root tea for steady drink. Eat all the fresh beef you want. Follow these directions until you get better, which will not be long. This is for the benefit of Mrs. Eliza Smalley, Woodhull, Ill.—MRS. B. BURGESS.

RECIPES.

Centennial Rolls.—Sift 4 pts. of flour, mix with 1 pt. of fresh milk, 2 eggs 1 tablespoonful of melted lard, and 1 tablespoonful of hop yeast. Set to rise early in the morning for tea, make into rolls at 5 o'clock and bake as soon as light.

Cracker Pudding.—One quart of new milk, 1½ cupful of sugar, 2 eggs, 6 Boston crackers powdered fine, ½ lb. raisins, ½ a nutmeg, ½ teaspoonful cinnamon, 1 tablespoonful of butter, a little salt. Mix all together. Pour into buttered pudding dish and bake slowly 2 hours.—M. A. GRAY.

Crab Apple Preserves.—Put crab-apples in the kettle and keep scalding hot for an hour, add a small lump of alum. Take the fruit up and skin, but leave on the stem. Add a pound of sugar to every pint of juice and boil to a syrup; pour over the fruit and put in glass jars.—MRS. A.

Farmers Fruit Cake.—Soak three cupfuls of dried apples over night in warm water, chop slightly and simmer 2 hours in 2 cupfuls of molasses or until the apples resemble citron. Make a cake of two eggs; one cupful of sugar; one cupful of sweet milk; three-fourths cupful butter; one and one-half teaspoonful soda, flour to make a batter and plenty of spices.

Put in the apple and bake in a quick oven. This is very nice. Please report—MRS. W. M. G.

Mince Meat.—Very good. As this is the time of year for mince pies, would like to give my recipe for mince meat. Two bowls meat, 3 bowls apples, 2 bowls raisins, 4 bowls sugar, 1 bowl suet, 1 bowl molasses, 1 bowl vinegar, 1 bowl cider, ½ pound citron and fill the bowl with English currants, 1 tablespoonful, 2 tablespoonfuls mace, 1 tablespoonful cloves. Mix and cook until it looks rich and fruit is well done. Let the meat be beef, nicely cooked, allowed to get cold, freed from fat, and chopped fine; 1 bowl of raisins whole, the other bowlful chopped; (if raisins are seeded it is nicer); currants to be washed and picked over, finely shred, or chopped; suet chopped fine. If a quart bowl is used this recipe will fill a two gallon stone jar in which it will keep all winter with paper tied over. Try it.—CHARITY GRIMES.

How To Cure Consumption.—From the experience I have had, I am certain consumption is curable; also, inherited consumption can be cured. Very often the liver and kidneys are the main cause of the trouble. If the person has a ravenous appetite the kidneys are badly diseased. The sweating stage is the last, but there is no danger if it is treated right. This is the way I treat it: Rub the lungs and kidneys night and morning with strong hop tea. Cover the lungs at night with cloths wet in cold water. When the cloths get hot change them, and always put a dry one on the outside. The sweating is caused by weakness, and can be remedied by drinking licorice root tea for steady drink. Eat all the fresh beef you want. Follow these directions until you get better, which will not be long. This is for the benefit of Mrs. Eliza Smalley, Woodhull, Ill.—MRS. B. BURGESS.

Our Young Folks.

BLADE TEMPERANCE LEGION.

MOTTO: "Of Ourselves We Will be Masters."

Pledge:

We do hereby promise ourselves that, from this time until we are 21 years old, we will not taste intoxicating liquors of any kind, and that we will exert all our influence to prevent their use by others. Witness our names:

SHELBYVILLE, ILL.	Carl Miller	Sarah J Garrow
Ellie Briggs	John J Keller	John H Garrow
May Lawson	Jesse Yobe	Mary E Makin
George Tuttle	Corwin Shaw	Fannie Moore
Alice Martin	Ada Stufflebeam	Alice McCarthy
Bertha Perryman	Leslie Shinrwalt	Anthony Miller
Della Lump	Howard Cramer	Edna Kidder
Roy Tuttle	Della Beetle	Anna O'Connor
Homer Cook	Belle Keller	Lily Wilkinson
Mattie Austin	Gracie Davis	Mattie Parker
Sidney Briggs	Nellie McKibben	Leslie Parker
Fanny Barker	Gertie Stewart	Mary Quinn
Mertie Reed	Ollie Klauser	OREGON, MICH.
Pearl Reed	Winnie Haul	Frank Brown
Dora Ige	Eliza Syford	Lena O'Leary
Edna Conn	Sarah Patient	Otis Brown
Clare Surles	Bertha Smart	Kitty Hosner
Flora Surles	Alice Sturgis	Bridie O'Leary
Harry Igo	Dora Offenhauser	Mary Mundt
Clara Austin	Mary Gilliland	Heman Thomas
Frank Martin	Ida Allen	Libbie Skinner
Lily Huiman	Hattie Gelgge	Augusta Ross
Mertie Jackson	Geo D Chaffee, Jr.	Jessie Skinner
Harry Cook	Geo B Barnard	Hubert O'Leary
Bill Kelly	Sim Guilford	Rosa Thorne
Charley Cook	Harry Turner	Myrtle Sweet
Harry Cook	Clarence Lane	Richard Skinner
Eddie Earnest	Roy B Roland	Nellie Mead
Stella Igo	J Lewis Seaman	Lydia Garwolds
Annie Offenhouse	Wallace Seaman	Addie Phillips
Mattie Tuttle	Eddie Phillips	Allie Donaldson
Maud Behymer	E Stonebarner	ESKRIDGE, KAN.
Lily Igo	Joe Stemmayer	Freddie Teter
Mary Dill	Jas Nolan	Hoy Busenbark
Nora Montrey	Charley Fauley	Elvan Dickey
Nettie Beggs	Walter Lane	Frank Adams
Claude Behymer	Harry Hite	R J Huey
Susie Yohe	Wiley Auld	A Johnston
Jennie Fenfril	Arthur Blume	Exley Whigett
Mary Gilliland	Willie Phillips	Jennie Magee
Clara Austin	Gusta Bompo	Lottie Lawlor
Tom Fitzgerald	Forest Reed	Hattie Cromwell
Mattie Austin	C Scarborough	Maggie Roderick
Alice Martin	Bertie Stedley	Gertrude Houst'n
Frank Martin	Robbie Antis	Rosa Patterson
Eddie Rominger	Lottie Shade	Belle Flack
W Middleworth	Bessie Auld	RANOOE, IA.
Sarah Patients	Daisy Decker	Maggie Herlocker
Winnie Douthet	Mamie Noble	Carrie Winslow
Belle Noble	Eva Smith	Effie Winslow
Mamie Noble	Lena Rompf	Belle Winslow
George Terry	Lydia Marts	Willie Winslow
LaGrange, Kimer	Netta Woolsey	Annie Clymer
Anna Fleming	Harry Swem	Mary Clymer
Nanie Douthet	John Hodgson	Nora Howard
John Keller	Minnie Bishop	Emmet Pest
Ivan Fear	Nora Montrey	BLISSFIELD, MICH.
Belle Keller	Olive Chaffee	Francis J Turner
Willie Sherlock	Dora Igo	BELLEVILLE, O.
Eddie Keller	Fanny Morgan	Laura Phillips
Nellie Woodward	Nellie C Lloyd	Edison L Moore
Dell Shelton	Ettie Neal	Harry B Seal
Homer Reiss	Alice Anderson	Sam'l C McGilton
Wm Klauser	Minnie Bishop	Philip McGilton
W A Dodge	Mary Bishop	V A Martin
Charley Beetle	Sphie Birth im'w	Edgar C Ward
Frank Graham	Ethal Tholn'w	CRABAPPLE, O.
Tommy Proctor	Nettie Baldwin	Udell Mechem
H Marxmiller	Bertha Grey	Willie Mechem
Eddie Keller	Georgie Grey	Clark Phillips
James Kaney		

Names this week, 268. Total, 20 993.

The above embraces all names received up to November 17.

A CHILD'S LAUGH.

All the bells of heaven may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the wind on earth may bring
All sweet sounds together;
Sweeter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper tone of bird,
Sound of words at sundown stirred,
Welling waters' winsome word,
Wind in warm, wan weather.

One thing yet there is, that none
Hearing ere its chime be done,
Knows not well the sweetest one
Heard of man beneath the sun,
Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
Fills a child's clear laughter.

—*Swinburne.*

PHIL BRUNTREY'S FIREWORKS.

BY JOHN HABBERTON.

Phil Bruntrey lived in a Western state, in what was called, just because it was far from any large town, "an out-of-the-way" neighborhood. It was not out of the way of sun and air, however, and the crops that grew on Phil's father's land would have amazed any Eastern farmer. Phil and his only Brother, Charley, had never seen any toy larger than a marble, but had any city boy pitied them for it, they could have retorted by saying that each of them rode to school, three miles away, on his colt, and between them they owned a gun, which Charley always were with him on Sunday school trips, so as to be ready for any game they might chance to see.

When Phil had reached his eleventh year he read, in one of the books of the little "district library" kept in the school room, of a Fourth of July celebration in which fire-crackers played a prominent part, being also mentioned in connection with many ingenious combinations, all of which were described at length in the story.

Phil's curiosity was aroused; he never before had heard of a fire-cracker, much less seen one, so he at once demanded an explanation of his brother. Charley, being once upon a time, was supposed by Phil to know everything; besides, Phil had been lame from birth, and Charley had been his self-appointed nurse, to whom Phil had learned to look for everything, seldom to be disappointed.

"Fire-cracker?" echoed Charley, when Phil questioned him. "Why, I never heard of such a thing. Let's see the book." Charley read rapidly for several minutes, and then continued, "H'm—it seems to be something that bursts, and is set off by a fuse, like the big stumps that dad blows up with gunpowder, you know."

"My! Don't I wish I could have some of the fun for ourselves!" said Phil.

"I wish you could too, old fellow," said Charley, "but they don't have them at the store; if they had, I'd have known it before now. And what isn't at the store, you know might as well be in Oceanica, so far as our chance of getting it is concerned."

Phil looked very solemn, for he realized the truth of his brother's statement. As many of my readers may not comprehend the force of Charley's remark, it should be explained that nearly all the farmers in the far Western states follow the custom, once almost universal in our agricultural regions, of buying all their family supplies on a year's credit from a single merchant, to whom, in return, they would sell their entire crop when harvested, receiving the balance, should balance be due them, in money when the merchant himself sold the grain, etc., thus obtained. There are thousands upon thousands of farmers, with plenty of good land, good horses and cattle—farmers who cannot understand the city man's expression, "the wolf at the door"—who nevertheless go for months at a time without any money, even without coins small enough to put into a church plate on Sunday. What the store-keeper does not have therefore, they must go without, unless by happy accident some travelling purchaser of small country products chances to be in the vicinity, and is paying cash for articles which the farmer happens to have for sale.

Phil understood all this, for he had often taken part in family councils on ways and means; none the less, however, did he wish he might have some fire-crackers for the Fourth. He said as much to his father at supper-time, and his father, who had in his boyhood's days once spent a Fourth of July in a large city, added fuel to the flame by explaining just how a fire-cracker looked; he did it by rolling some paper around a short bit of string and rubbing the outside with a bit of red chalk.

Phil held that imitation fire-cracker in his hand all the evening, and reread the story with wistful eyes, when finally he went to bed, that imitation fire-cracker went with him. As soon as the little fellow was out of the large room which answered the purpose of several different rooms in city houses, Charley exclaimed, "Father, that poor little chap ought to have some fire-crackers for the Fourth."

"I wish he might, my boy," said Farmer Bruntrey; "but there's no use to be had within 40 miles of here, I suppose. Another year I'll ask the store-keeper if he won't lay in some when he buys his goods. I guess he could get rid of a box among the twenty or thirty families whose

The Farm.

Information Wanted.

H. C. Darwin, Perry county, Mo.: The best time to girdle trees to kill them is in June. This will apply to pecan, elm, sycamore and cotton wood. We regret to say that your former letter was not received by us.

A Reader, Kenton, Ohio, asks: "When is the best time to gather and plant the seed of the different forest trees of Ohio, such as oak, walnut, hickory, beech, etc?" White elm and soft maple ripen their seeds in the last month of spring, or beginning of summer, according to the latitude. Plant the seeds when ripe, and they will be of growth sufficient to resist cold weather by fall. It is better as a matter of protection to cover them with straw the first winter. White, green and black ash, and ash-leaved and sugar maple ripen their seeds in September or October. They may be planted at once, but as there is danger of the seeds being destroyed by mice and squirrels, it is safer to put the seeds in box of sand, the sand being kept barely moist, filling the box in the proportion of three-fourths sand and one fourth seed. Keep where the seeds will freeze a little during the winter, and sow early in the spring. Nuts of the hickory, pecan, Madeira, butternut, chestnut, black walnut, chestnut, beech nuts, and acorns, should be gathered when ripe, and packed as soon as they are sufficiently dry not to heat. All the nuts named should be packed, if possible, in equal parts of sand and leaf mold. Keep in a moderately cool place, and put straw over the sand and mold. Sprinkle the straw well once in a while with water, to keep the sand and mold slightly damp, but not wet. In the spring plant the nuts where you wish the trees to grow, in good ground, not more than three inches deep. Or, where there is no danger from squirrels or mice, the seeds may be placed in the fall, in drills, four inches apart, in good ground. Place straw along wh re the seeds are planted. Cover with straw and then boards. Dampen the straw occasionally. All nuts, excepting chestnut and beech, are difficult to transplant. The most difficult to transplant are hickory, pecan, acorns and Maderia are the hardest to make grow by transplanting. Some people prefer to plant these nuts in four feet apart each way, two nuts in a place, in rows, where other deciduous trees are planted. The other seedlings being removed, one nut is allowed to grow in each square, the others being taken out to be used for poles, or other farm use. Many nurserymen now raise small seedling for sale, and they may be purchased at a reasonable price.

A. J. M., Plum, Pa.: Blood spavin is a distention of the capsule, containing the synovia, or joint oil of the true hock joint. When unduly distended by synovia a large vein, called the saphena, becomes pressed upon and distended. It is a mistake to suppose that blood is shed into the capsule of the joint. To treat this annoyance your colt must have entire rest. Foment the joint with hot water, give a moderate dose of aloes, and half an ounce of saltpetre in the drinking water. The saltpetre should be given for about four days, and the fomentation continue for at least three days. Take of powdered flices, half an ounce; olive oil, four ounces. Digest in a water bath for three hours and filter. Apply this to the affected part until well blistered. Then rub on fresh lard. After a week's time, repeat, apply the lard, and if the case has not run to bony deposit, recovery will result. If a bony deposit has been formed, it cannot be removed.

S. K., Illinois: The principal word in your question was so blurred by stamping in the postoffice that we are unable to answer your question.

E. S., Tekonsha, Mich.: As there has been more than one patent on the machines you enquire about, the only way to get at the fact of the patentee of the principle is to write to the patent office at Washington, D. C.

Some one living at Lisconb, Iowa, asks a question regarding a horse that has something like blind staggers, etc. As no name is signed, it would be violating a rule of this, as well as any other first-class paper, to answer it. We never use a writer's name if he so requests; but it is but fair that it should be given the editor.

Mrs. J. A. C., Nebraska: In the process of incubation, all eggs of domestic fowls remain the same degree of heat. When under the hen, 105 is the extreme the eggs can reach. An even temperature of 99 to 105 hatches the best. Yes, there are reliable egg hatchers in America. To properly run an incubator requires experience.

L. F. M., Missouri: For your mare with stiff ankle that walks on her toe, examine for corns. If you find none, give an ounce of saltpetre in drinking water twice a day for four days. Then rub on the tendons behind the knee joint and pastern and around the coronet with this, which you may get at any drug store: Mercurial ointment, 2 ozs; oil of cantharides, 4 drs Mix well. Apply until there is a blister, then rub with lard. A week afterward reapply the blister and afterward the lard. A horse will walk on his toe if he has shoulder lameness or navicular disease.

E. O. Parsons, Indiana, asks: "When a person has pure blood and mongrel hens, and mates those with pure blood males, i e., have nothing but pure blood males, will it affect or injure chicks of the pure-breed hens for the cocks to mate with the mongrel hens? I have been told it would hurt both in the statement." You are right, it does not affect the chicks of the pure-breed hens. A mongrel cock may be kept with pure-bred hens. Remove the hens from the mongrel and mate them with a pure breed cock. In about six days afterward the projeny of the pure breed mating will be pure-breed stock.

A. A., Yorkville, (no state given): Caponizing is practiced now more than formerly. It is claimed that the flesh of a capon is more tender than that of an incaponized cock. A capon will weigh more than an unmonized bird, say one-eighth, because the fatten well and become more blocky, so to speak. They will bring, in New York City, Philadelphia, Chicago, and other large cities, where they are well-known, about two or three cents a pound more than the best birds not caponized. If special arraigunents can be made with a first class hotel more than three cents per pound above the best unerponized birds. In most markets they have not come into general consumption, and would not sell much, if any higher than other fowls.

F. M., Winona, Ohio: We infer that the sawdust you speak of is that of pine. The ashes of pine shows: Per cent, of ash, 0.25; potash, 5.2; soda, 26.8; magnesia, 6.2; lime, 47.9; phosphoric acid, 4.1; sulphuric acid, 3.4; chlorine, 4.0; silica, 2.0. Rotted stable manure give: Water, 75.42; soluble organic matter (containing nitrogen), 12.82; soluble salts, 1.47; insoluble mineral matters, 6.58. Sawdust should never be used on light or porous soils. The proper way to use it is as a litter. It should be kept under cover, spread out and thoroughly dried, and then spread in the stable or pig pen, where it will absorb and retain a large amount of liquid manure. It is excellent bedding for all animals, excepting sheep, as it gets in their wool. When used in the piggery it makes an excellent top dressing for grass or grain. In the preparation of the soil for root crops, sawdust prepared in this way will supply a fair amount of salts essential to their growth. Yet sawdust sours and is of little if any value. Farm yard or stable manure is a powerful fertilizer owing mainly to the ammonia it contains.

Keeping Celery in Winter.

I had some filling to do adjacent to our carriage house, and the most convenient resource was from underneath that building, thus forming a shallow cellar, not enough to disturb the foundation walls, which are very shallow, and no frost proof. Here we have for two winters stored our celery with a good degree of success.

Our location is upon a water-bearing ridge, and at no time does the cellar get very dry, yet with a drainage so that there is never standing water. Windows at opposite ends are so screened as to furnish ample ventilation without light. The celery is lifted with two spades from either side of the row while a third person grasps the plant retaining a ball of moist soil, and passes it to the wagon, and the load is carefully transferred to the cellar, standing each plant as close as the ball of earth will permit, which does not crowd the stalks, thus permitting a circulation of air. In this way our celery continues to grow and bleach until spring and is always agreeably accessible. What plan do others have for keeping celery?—E. B. Smead, Hartford, Ct.

A good house for celery may be made as follows: Let it be about 20x30 feet, with 13 foot posts. The first story should be seven feet high, with floor timbers seven inches wide, and a matched floor on top and lined with hemlock below. The place between must be filled tight with forest leaves. Novelty siding is used on the outside, and the lining is of hemlock on studs 20 inches away from the outside cover. Sawdust and shavings rammed tight served as a packing between the two. A ventilator 12 inches square made of boards runs up to the roof, for use in mild weather. A damper must be provided, for closing it when too cold. One window on the east end admits enough light. The second floor is used for storing onions and seeds. The building was erected on a knoll, and the basement floor or first story is level with the outside ground. Then there were numerous sections made by setting up boards a foot wide, 20 inches apart. The celery stands straight in these sections, and is tightly packed with no room between the plants or on the roots and with no covering on top. These are important points. This building is frost-proof and will keep celery in any weather without rotting the heart. I have used it for eight years keeping 10,000 celery roots annually without any loss, although some has been kept as late as April.—*E. L. Robertson, in N. E. Homestead.*

Moles in Grass Lands.

Moles are said to be carnivorous in their habits feeding only upon worms, grubs and other insects. No doubt they do consume a great many injurious insects, as cut worms, white grubs of the May beetle, earth worms, and other subterranean prey; but that they also eat sweet corn, peas, peas, and other vegetable matter, I know, because I have examined the contents of their stomachs, and have found the starch cells and fibrous matter of sweet corn which they had devoured as it was planted. Every one knows how these pests will follow a row of newly planted peas, corn or potatoes, and eat the seed. But yet it is very difficult to poison them, as the taste of the drug deters them from eating it. It is said that castor-oil beans sown in the rows with other seeds will drive them away or destroy them. I have been pestered with them on my lawn as W. W. (page 784) complains, and found a ready remedy in a trap made by a person named Hale, who, strangely enough, ignores the advantage of letting people know of his useful invention, for I have never seen it advertised in the business columns of the *Country Gentleman*, whose a notice of it would do the most good of any place I know of—to the public and the maker of it, as well. In one season I caught 42 moles with one trap, and cleared my lawn and garden of them. I have tried every other means of relief, but all failed, for the mole is a suspicious animal, and his ways are dark in a double sense. The trap has three sharp-pointed wires attached to a spring which forces them down into the soft earth when the mole releases the spring, as he passes his way under the trap and raises the tligger which rests upon the earth.

Strychnine is too bitter for them and fails to kill them; small pills of crushed pea or sweet corn meal dosed with arsenic, have been recommended by some persons, who drop them in the burrows; but the trap is the only certain relief.—*A. S. in Country Gentleman.*

Farm Notes.

One hundred dollars worth of cheese takes from the farm less than one-seventh the fertility taken by $100 worth of grain, while $100 worth of butter—if the skimmilk be fed on the farm—takes nothing from the soil,

Only ruminant animals are liable to choke with roots, as all others are obliged to chew what they swallowing their food. Turnips for sheep are not cut at all in England, the common practice being to turn the sheep in the field and allow them to harvest it. They will gnaw out the interior of a large turnip, leaving only the pungent outside shell.

The apple crop in New York this season is so enormous that in some localities thousands of barrels of the fruit have been left on the ground to rot, with no one to gather them. The total crop will amount to many millions of barrels, and there will be very heavy shipments.

Many swine-breeders regard a solid earth floor the best for a pig-pen. It must be high enough to be readily drained, so as to be dry at all times. It is also customary with some breeders to remove from six to eight inches of these earth floors every spring, draining the manure-soaked earth on to the fields and renewing the floors with fresh earth.

There is a point to be observed in fitting a barn for the reception of horses, and that is the size of the stalls. The narrow dimensions of the stalls are a positive cruelty to the horse. Many stalls are built too narrow to enable the horse to extend his limbs up under him; his legs are thus kept in a cramped position, when he ought to be completely at rest.

Some farmers attribute the disease known as weak loins in hogs to lying in hot horse manure. It is a rheumatic trouble, which may be cured by active and continued rubbing. It may also be cured by exercise and fresh air; but it is better still to give the fresh air and exercise first, and thus prevent the appearance of the disease.

Certain colors seem to be the preference in each section for hogs. The South prefers a black hog (the Berkshire), the West a spotted hog (such as the Poland-China), while in New York and Pennsylvania the Cheshire and Chester Whites (white breeds) are preferred, and even under strong rivalry at times the favorites have held their positions.

The exposure of cows for an hour or two on cold days while getting water causes the consumption and loss of many dollars' worth of food during the winter. Besides, it is much better that animals should be able to drink without interference from others, and this can only be done by putting the water before the animal as it stands in the stall.

The seed of sorghum sugar cane is as nutritious as corn, and may be ground or crushed and fed to any kind of stock. When ground with bran it makes the best of feed for cows and horses. It may be fed to swine after soaking it in water. The yield of seed is about 25 bushels per acre. When the cane is grown for sugar the seed is generally wasted, and pays all the cost of growing the crop.

A report from Sydney, Australia, says: The evidence goes to show that the present system for the destruction of the rabbits has been a complete failure. There has been £361,492 spent, and 7,853,787 rabbits have been killed. That is every rabbit has cost nearly a shilling to kill, while the lamentable fact remains that the rabbits have not decreased in numbers but have rather increased. This is fighting with wrong weapons avidently.

The well-fed pig rejects the soft green cob, when in this stage has a good deal of nutriment. His digestion, contrary to popular belief, is not as good as that of the cow. Give the fattening pig a greater variety of food, and he will not only thrive better but make more healthful, if not quite so fat pork. The corn judiciously fed to mich cows will give far better returns, keeping them from growing poor, as cows are apt to do at this season when not given extra feed.

NORTHWESTERN MILLERS.

Low Water and a Scarcity of "Empties" Still Causing Trouble.

Minneapolis, Nov. 17.—The *Northwestern Miller* says: There was a perceptible falling off in the flour output last week, as a result of poor water power. The total products was 147,000 barrels, averaging 24,650 barrels daily, against 155,300 barrels the previous week and 161,100 barrels for the corresponding time in 1886.

One more mill is running this week, making 14 in operation, but a good deal of this capacity is made ineffective by low water, which remains extremely short, and two or three mills, although making labored effort to keep their machinery going, are not able to grind much.

No mills depending on water power are wholly free from interference.

One less mill is using steam. One of the mills most affected by low water stops next week for improvements in its power apparatus and several others are likely to stop work early in December for a similar purpose.

Empty cars are still scarce, and the difficulty of getting them is the chief source of complaint among the shippers. The advance in wheat this week has stimulated the demand for flour and much more business is being done at firm prices.

Foreign trade is fair at quotations not obtainable formerly.

The flour exported was 46,800 barrels against 66,900 barrels the preceding week. Receipts of wheat for the week were: 1,948,240 bushels; shipments, 414,960 bushels; flour, 160,870 barrels; in store here, 4,893,843 bushels; at Duluth, 2,895,989 bushels; at St. Paul, 140,000.

THE PRICE OF COAL.

The Combination Will Screw the Price Up to the Highest Notch.

Philadelphia, Nov. 18.—[Special wire.]—The general sales agent of the Reading Coal and Iron company, issued a circular yesterday to the effect that that concern had no more coal to sell for outside shipments.

At the office of the company it was stated that there was absolutely nothing upon the wharves at Port Richmond, and that although the mines were producing and shipping at the rate of 25,000 tons per day, it was impossible to secure any accumulation of stocks. The retail yards are in many instances bare of supplies, but it is declared that there is no danger of anything like a coal famine.

Frost in Florida.

Jacksonville, Nov. 21.—There was frost and thin ice at Tampa this morning, closing the epidemic which had already about died out.

TALMAGE ON "GOSPEL OF HEALTH."

The Wild Oats Sown in Youth Generally Bring an Unexpected Crop of Ill-Health and Broken-Down Constitution—A Sermon for Young Men.

Brooklyn, Nov. 20.—The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was: "The Gospel of Health," and his text from Proverbs vii, 23: "Till a dart strike through his liver." He said:

There is a fashion in sermonics. A comparatively small part of the Bible is called on for texts. Most of the passages of Scripture, when announced at the opening of sermons, immediately divide themselves into old discussions that we have heard from boyhood, and the effect on us is soporific. The auditor guesses at the start just what the preacher will say. There are very important chapters and verses that have never been preached from. Much of my lifetime I am devoting to unlocking these gold chests and blasting open these quarries. We talk about the heart, and sing about the heart, but if you refer to the physical organ that we call the heart, it has not half so much to do with spiritual health or disease, moral exaltation or spiritual depression, as the organ to the consideration of which Solomon calls us in the text, when he describes sin progressing "till dart strike through his liver."

Solomon's anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that he was nearly 3,000 years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than 1,000 years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered 1,619 years after Christ, for whom Solomon had insisted on describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain, he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life, he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which in our day Drs. Mayo, and Carpenter, and Dalton, and Flint, and Brown-Sequard have experimented. And Solomon received in the Bible thousands of years before scientists discovered it, that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head: "Or if the silver cord be loosed."

In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied that largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important function in the God built castle of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curious cells, its elongated, branching tubes, a divine workmanship in central and right, and left lobe, and the hepatic artery through which God conducts the crimson tides. Oh, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps. Solomon knew of it and had noticed either in vivisection or post mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation make upon it, until with the fiat of Almighty God it bids the body and soul separate, and the one it commands to the grave and the other it sends to judgment—a javelin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till the dart strike through the liver." Herodotus and Hippocrates refer to the liver the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile.

I preach to you this morning the gospel of health. In taking diagnoses of the diseases of the soul you must also take the diagnoses of the diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a doctor, and he discourses much of physical effects, and he tells of the good Samaritan's medication of the wounded traveler by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the Gospel, so that the 5,000 were fed; and records the sparse diet of the prodigal away from home, and the extinguished eyesight of the beggar by the wayside, and let us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post mortem resuscitation. And any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also an estimate of the physical condition is incomplete. When the doorkeeper of Congress fell dead from excessive joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip V of Spain dropped dead at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardinal Wolsey expiredas a result of Henry VIII's anathemas, symptoms demonstrate that the body and soul are Siamese twins, and when you thrill the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other. We might as well recognize the tremendous fact that there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver—the heart, the fortress of all the graces; the liver, the fortress of all the base. You may have the head filled with all intellectuality, and the ear with all musical appreciation, and the mouth with all eloquence, and the hand with all industries, and the heart with all generosities, and yet "a dart strikes through the liver."

First, let Christian people avoid the mistake that they are all wrong with God because they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky befogged, and his sun and heaven both hid from view, and himself plunged chin deep in the Slough of Despond, and has said: "My heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake, one instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel as gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has consulted Fuller's books, and Cecil's books, and Baxter's books, and has read and read, and prayed and prayed and prayed, and wept and wept and wept, and groaned and groaned and groaned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. You need a physician more than you do a divine. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven but bile. It not only yellows your eyeball, and furs your tongue, and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejections and forebodings. The devil is after you. He has failed to despoil your character, and he does the next best thing for him. He ruffles your peace of mind. When he says that you are not right with God, when he says that you will never get to heaven, he lies. You are just as sure of heaven as though you were there already. But Satan, finding that he cannot keep you out of the promised land of Canaan, has determined that the spies shall not bring you any of the Eschol grapes beforehand, and that you shall have nothing but prickly pear and crab apple. You are just as good now under the cloud as you were when you were accustomed to rise in the morning at 5 o'clock to pray and sing "Hallelujah, 'tis done!" My friend, Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Jones, of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book entitled "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same things may appear to different people. He says: "After the great battle on the Mincio, in 1859, between the French and Sardinians on the one side, and the Austrians on the other, so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated, followed by the victors. A description of the march of each army is given by correspondents of the London *Times*, one of whom traveled with the successful host, the other with the defeated. The difference in views and statements of the same place, scenes and events is remarkable. The former are said to be marching through a beautiful and luxuriant country during the day, and at night encamping where they are supplied with an abundance of the best provisions and all sorts of rural dainties. There is nothing of war about the proceeding except its stimulus and excitement. On the side of the poor Austrians it is just the reverse. In his letter of the same date, describing the same places and a march over the same road, the writer can scarcely find words to set forth the suffering, patience and disgust existing around him. What was pleasant to the former was intolerable to the latter. What made all this difference? asks the journalist. One condition only: The French are victorious, the Austrians have been defeated. The contrast may convey a distinctive idea of the extent to which moral impressions affect the efficiency of the soldier.

So, my dear brother, the road you are traveling is the same you have been traveling a long while, but the difference in your physical condition makes it look different, and therefore the two reports you have given of yourself are as widely different as the reports in the London *Times* from the two correspondents. Edward Payton, sometimes so far up on the mount that it seemed as if the centrifugal force of earth could no longer hold him, sometimes through a physical disorder was so far down that it seemed as if the nether world would clutch him. Glorious William Cowper was as good as good could be, and will be loved in the Christian church as long as it sings his hymn beginning "There is a fountain filled with blood," and his hymn beginning, "Oh, for a closer walk God," and his hymn beginning, "What various hindrances we meet," and his hymn beginning, "God moves in a mysterious way." Yet so was he overcome of melancholy, or black bile, that it was only through the mistake of the cab driver, who took him through a wrong place, instead of the river bank, that he did not commit suicide.

Spiritual condition so mightily affected by the physical state! What a great opportunity this gives the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, and if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that—an earthly and a divine prescription at the same time—and call not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of heaven. Ah, that is the kind of poctor I want at my bedside when I am sick, one that cannot only pour out the right number of drops, but one who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your profligate, or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college, and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths, is a fool, and can not doctor me or mine. But, oh, the Christian doctors! What a comfort they have been in many of our households. And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers, as well as praise on our tongues. Dear old Dr. Skillman! My father's doctor, my mother's doctor, in the village home. He carried all the confidences of all the families fourteen miles around. We all felt better as soon as we saw him enter the house. His face pronounced a beatitude before he said a word. He welcomed all of us children into life, and he closed the old people's eyes when they entered the last slumber. I think I know what Christ said to him when the old doctor got through his work. I think he was greeted with the words: "Come in, doctor. I was sick and ye visited me." I bless God that the number of Christian physicians is multiplying, and some of the students of the medical colleges are here to-day. And I hail you, and I bless you, and I ordain you to the tender, beautiful heaven-descended work of a Christian, and when you you take your diploma from the Long Island Medical college to look after the perishable body, be sure also to get a diploma from the skies to look after the imperishable soul. Let all Christian physicians unite with ministers of the Gospel in persuading good people that it is not because God is against them that they sometimes feel depressed, but because of their diseased body. I suppose David, the psalmist, was no more pious when he called everything human and angelic, inanimate and inanimate, and from snowflake to hurricane, to praise God, than when he said: "Out of the depths of hell have I cried unto thee, O Lord;" or that Jeremiah was any better when he wrote his prophecy than when he wrote his "Lamentations," or that Job was any better when he said, "I know that my redeemer liveth," than when he covered all over with the pustules of elephantiasis, he sat in the ashes scratching the scabs off with a broken piece of pottery, or that Alexander Cruden, the concordist, was any better man when he compiled the book that has helped 10,000 students of the Bible than when, under the power of physical disorder, he was handcuffed and straight waistcoated in Bethnal Green Insane asylum.

"Oh!" says some Christian man, "no one ought to allow physical disorder to depress his soul." He ought to live so near to God as to be always in the sunshine." Yes, that is good advice; but I warrant that you, the man who gives the advice, have a sound liver. Thank God every day for healthful hepatic condition, for just as certainly as you lose it, you will sometimes, like David, and like Jeremiah, like Edwin Arnold and Hippolike Alexander Cruden, and like 10,000 other invalids, be playing a dead march on the same organ with which now you play a toccata. My object at this point is not only to emolliate the criticisms of the well against those in poor health, but to show Christian people who are abrabitious what is the matter with them. "I'm not charge against them the crimes of another member of your organism. Do not conclude that because the path of heaven is not arbored with as fine a foliage, or the banks beautifully snowed under with exquisite chrysanthemums as once, that therefore you are on the wrong road. The road will bring you out at the same gate, whether you walk with the stride of an athlete or on crutches. Thousands of Christians, morbid about their experiences and morbid about their business; and morbid about the present, and morbid about the future, need the sermon I am now preaching.

Another practical use of this subject is for the young. The theory is abroad that they must first sow their wild oats, and afterward Michigan wheat. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver, and they can never be pulled up. They so preoccupy that organ that there is no room for the implantation of righteous crop. You see aged men about us at 80 erect, agile, splendid, grand old men. How much wild oats did they sow between 18 years and 80? None, absolutely none. God does not very often honor with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the altar of the bodily temple. Remember, O young man, that while in and after life and after years of dissipation you may perhaps have your heart changed, religion does not change everything human and angelic, in

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

Cardinal Gibbons's hat has arrived from Rome.

Dwight L. Moody has inaugurated a series of revival meetings at Pittsburg.

The twenty-first annual session of the National Grange has convened at Lansing, Mich.

Mr. Parnell has written a letter to a news agency that his health is slowly but steadily improving.

Tenants on the estates of Sir Samuel Falkner and Lady Boglehear, Kanturk, county Cork, refuse payment until William O'Brien is liberated.

Natural gas was struck at Princeton, 26 miles north of Evansville, Ind., at a depth of 600 feet. The blaze from the gas is 20 feet high.

An aerolite weighing three tons dropped, with a loud report in front of the Merchants' National bank in Amsterdam, N. Y., Friday, making a deep indentation in the ground.

The White Caps, or self-styled regulators, have made their appearance at Crawfordsville, Ind. As yet they have confined themselves to writing warnings and posting notices.

The Catholic assembly of Pesth, has voted to present to the Pope an address signed by 1,500,000 men and 500,000 women. The church collections to be presented to the Pope amount to $55,000.

Clearing house returns from leading American cities show an increase in all but the following: Baltimore, 2.3; Providence, 1.2; Norfolk, 6.7; total, $1,178,294,638; outside of New York, $400,360,265.

Washington C. H., Manchester, O., and Maysville, Ky., were visited by a period of darkness Sunday afternoon. The action of the atmosphere was such as to place that day among the "Dark Days" in history.

Henri Rochefort, the editor of the Paris *Intransigeant*, has fought a duel with swords with M. Mermuck, the editor of the *Cri Du Peuple*. The latter was wounded. The encounter was the result of a quarrel over Gen. Boulanger.

A strike at Oliver's nut and bolt factory in Pittsburg against shorter hours and a reduction of pay ended disastriously to the employes. The works are again in operation with a full force, including a large number of the strikers, who have accepted the firm's proposition.

The New York State Anti-Saloon Republican League has issued an address to the Republicans of the State calling upon all interested in the movement to place the party in the state on a platform in open opposition to the saloon, to meet with the league in conference at Syracuse December 15 and 16.

An engine and one coach jumped the track on the south branch of the Vandalia near Brazil, Ind. The passengers barely escaped before the coach burned. Engineer Yetton was instantly killed and Brakeman Robertson seriously injured. The branch road is operated by the Evansville & Indianapolis company.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union convention selected Denver and New York city as first and second choice, respectively, with the power in hands of the general officers to decide which place the next annual convention will be held. All the delegates left this morning for home.

The Board of Trade of London has awarded a piece of silver to Capt. Baggs, of the American line steamer Indiana, and a silver medal and two pounds each to Wilding, Peterson and Anthony, seamen, of that vessel, for rescuing, while on a voyage from Liverpool to Philadelphia, the crew of the British bark Lamergeir, from Belfast for Miramichi, which was abandoned September 1.

The present stock of coal in Cincinnati is half a million bushels. The low stage of water in the Ohio river, the chief source of supply for soft coal, makes it impossible to add a bushel in that way. Railroads are not prepared to supply such vast quantities as are consumed there daily, though in case there is not very soon a rise in the river their equipment will have to be enlarged to prevent actual distress.

The visible supply of grain Saturday, November 19, as compiled by the New York Produce Exchange, was as follows: Wheat, 38,871,956 bushels; increase, 1,653,069 bushels; corn, 6,709,884 bushels; decrease, 362,489 bushels; oats, 6,468,368 bushels; decrease, 81,638 bushels; rye, 313,267 bushels; increase, 67,451 bushels; barley, 3,471,777 bushels; increase, 259,208 bushels.

A London detective has arrested a man named Callan, who disappeared after the death in London recently of the alleged dynamiter, Cohen. A quantity of dynamite was found in Callan's lodgings, and the police seized a package containing money, sent by Mooney, alias McIlville, who was said to be the agent in London of the Clan-na-Ga l society. Michael Harkins, one of the witnesses at the inquest on the body of Cohen, has also been arrested.

The National Swine Breeders' association has met in Chicago with L. N. Bondam, of Oxford, O., presiding. The executive committee reported that the past year has been the most prosperous ever experienced in the history of the association; the losses from swine diseases had been much less than usual. The following officers were elected: President, D. L. Thomas, Rushville, Ind.; vice-president, S. H. Tedder, secretary, P. M. Spittler, Springfield, Ill.; treasurer, E. R. Moody, Eminence, Ky.

Marshal Dyer, recently appointed receiver to take charge of certain property belonging to the Mormon Church, has made a demand for the Temple block, on which stands the Mormon Temple Assembly Hall, and a large tabernacle. These buildings and adjacent grounds have been used upwards of 40 years exclusively for religious purposes. He also took possession of the personal property known as the Gerrt house. A demand was further made for all books, papers, securities, and other personal church property.

About one hundred bee keepers assembled in Chicago and J. A. Green of Dayton, Ill., read a paper upon the subject "production of comb and extracted of honey in the same apiary." Dr. C. D. Miller followed with a paper upon "legislation for beekeepers." Mr. Thomas Snowman delivered an address on the "objects and methods of a thorough organization of the beekeepers of America." A committee was appointed to consider the desirability of taking measure to make the association a representative one.

The Western association of architects has appointed a committee of five to act with committee of the American institute of architects, upon a question of the composition of all architectural associations. Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, Sidney Smith, Omaha, Neb.; first vice president, J. L. Alexander, Lafayette, Ind.; second vice president, W. C. Smith, Nashville, Tenn.; secretary, N. S. Patton, Chicago. Board of directors—John W. Root, of Chicago; W. R. Forbush, Cincinnati; J. J. Flanders, Chicago; C. F. Schweinfurth, Cleveland; Geo. B. Ferry, Milwaukee. The convention adjourned to meet in Chicago next year.

IT WILL GO HIGHER.

One Large Coal Company Refuses to Quote Prices Only as Negotiations Are Made.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—[Special wire.]—Mr. James B. McCamant, sales agent in New York of the Reading Coal and Iron company, received instructions yesterday from Mr. Thomas M. Richards, general coal agent of the company at Philadelphia, to withdraw all prices of coal.

Future sales will be at prices agreed upon at the time of negotiation.

This order takes the company out of the market as a seller of coal.

Mr. McCamant said, however, that there was no danger of a coal famine.

"Prices have advanced for immediate deliveries," he continued, "because of the big shipments of coal from the mines to Western cities. This big demand from the West is customary at this time of the year, and would not have been perceptible or would not have exerted an influence on the prices of coal in the Eastern markets except for the coal strikes in January.

"During these strikes the accumulations at the Eastern receiving points were absorbed, and many big dealers who have always contracted for supplies in May, June and July held off in the hope of lower prices. All this explains the present comparative scarcity and higher prices of coal.

"Many of the big yards, however, are fairly well supplied. I believe that the majority of householders have laid in their winter's supply, and inasmuch as the western demand will be over by December 15, and perhaps earlier, I believe the present scarcity and higher prices are but temporary."

OUR NAVY.

Additional Statements From the Report of Commodore T. D. Wilson.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—Tables attached to the report of Commodore T. D. Wilson show the exact condition of every vessel in the navy. This table shows that in three years we shall have 21 of the wooden vessels remaining, in six years but four, and in nine years the entire wooden navy will have disappeared.

The appendix also contains elaborate details statements from the officers in charge of the new cruisers and gun boats and dynamite cruiser of the work remaining to be done, as well as descriptions and plates of the new vessels and monitors, showing their general dimensions, armament, rig, steam power and other details.

Appended to the report is a tabulated statement of the estimates appropriations for the next fiscal year. Under the head of salaries, $14,680 is asked for; $900,000 is estimated for the construction and repair of vessels; $24,041 for the civil establishment at navy yards; $175,000 for extra tools at the Mare Island navy yard; $60,000 for the construction of experimental works to test the resistance of ships at the New York navy yard, and $3,000,000 on account of hulls and outfits of new ships.

SPARKS WANTS VINDICATION.

He Will Seek an Election to Congress and then Beware.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—The *Times* this morning prints a long special from Centralia, Ills., asserting that General A. J. Sparks will probably seek a vindication of his conduc as land commissioner by an election to Congress. The statement is based on "the clamor of his friends."

The district in which General Sparks resides is represented in Congress now by Richard W. Townshend.

THE "KNIGHTLY KICKERS."

The Disgruntled Chicago Contingent has Commenced the War in Earnest.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—The so-called "Knightly Kickers," held their first local meeting last night with an attendance of about 50. Regularly elected delegates were present from five local assemblies, and self-constituted representatives from twenty more.

Charles Seib, secretary of the provisional committe oppointed by the 35 ceding delegates of the Minneapolis general convention of the Knights of Labor, officiated as chairman and explained the object of the meeting.

There were several persons present not in accord with the movement, and they were utterly impervious to all insinuation that spies were not wanted.

In a speech Joseph R. Buchanan, the "head kicker," declared the time had come when honest Knights of Labor, for a time at least, must renounce all allegiance with the corrupt ring that now controls the great and noble order.

He stated that it had been found impossible to maintain an effective fight from the inside, and that the only course left was to declare an open revolt against the powers that be.

After the usual number of speeches, a committee of five was appointed to draft a circular letter to all local assemblies in Cook county, calling on them to elect three delegates to a convention to be held the first Wednesday in December.

The locals will be asked to withhold from the general treasury all assessments due from this time on, the scheme being to "freeze out" General Master Workman Powderly.

"Conventions similar to the one called in Chicago," explained Charles Seib, "will be held all over the United States. We shall obtain control of the Knights of Labor in all the large cities outside of three months. As soon as possible a national convention will be called and a regular organization perfected."

SPRINGER INTERVIEWED.

Carlisle to be Speaker—To Cut Down Tobacco Tariff—Dakota.

CHICAGO, Nov. 22.—Congressman William M. Springer, who is in the city, said yesterday in an interview that all the indications pointed to the election of Mr. Carlisle as speaker of the Fiftieth Congress. In organizing the committees of the House, Mr. Springer said Mr. Carlisle would undoubtedly carry out the courtesies that generally prevail, and where there was nothing also in the way, retain the present chairmen of the important committees if the incumbents so desired.

There would have to be a new chairman on the committee of Ways and Means, on account of the retirement of Mr. William R. Morrison, of Illinois.

Roger O. Mills, of Texas, stood next on the committee, and it was possible that he would be made chairman unless the speaker desired to consider the claims of old time members, who, on account of their seniority of service in the House, were sometimes tendered chairmanships of important committees.

With reference to the proposed new legislation on the subject of the tariff, Mr. Springer thought there would be an effort made to agree upon some measure reducing taxation. The only article thought of thus far as a certainty for reduced rate was tobacco.

With reference to the Dakota statehood question, Mr. Springer, as a member of the committee on Territories, said he would favor the early admission of Dakota as one state.

RAGING FIRES.

Forest, Fields and Farm Houses Continue to go Down Before Them—No Rain in Five Months.

ANNA, Ill., Nov. 22.—[Special wire.]—The forest fires are still raging in all parts of this and surrounding counties. The high wind Saturday scattered them over a much larger territory than formerly and it is almost impossible to check them. Several farm houses in the Mississippi bottoms have been destroyed, among them one belonging to M. V. Eavers, of this city.

The residence of A. C. Musgrave, a farmer living east of town, was destroyed last night, together with all its contents. Bridges, ties and telegraph poles on the lines of both the Illinois Central and Mobile & Ohio roads have burned and delayed traffic considerably. No rain of any consequence has fallen here for five months.

The Sun Obscured.

MOAWEQUA, Ill., Nov. 22.—[Special wire.]—This city was enveloped in smoke all of yesterday and the sun could be gazed at with the naked eye. It had a light red appearance and formed a remarkable phenomena. The smoke has been so dense as to effect the breathing and eyesight.

The dense smoke is coming from the Okaw bottoms where hundreds of acres of timber are on fire. On account of the extreme drouth it cannot be checked. It can be seen burning several miles away. Much property is being destroyed.

SENATOR EVARTS.

He Talks on the Recent Election in New York State.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—Senator Evarts, in an interview here to-day, is quoted as saying: "We Republicans did not lose so much in New York at the late election as to make us discouraged. We rather counted on a greater vote for George than he received, and based our expectations and election of Grant on that theory. But at the last moment the Labor vote went back to the Democrats, and there is where we died. Then, again, the Prohibition vote is constantly growing in strength.

"It was larger this year than ever before, and it breaks into the rank of our party. I presume it will continue to increase and be larger next year than it was this month.

"But for all that I do not hesitate to predict a Republican victory in New York in the comg National contest. The state was so close the last time when purely national issues were involved, as to give us assurances now that, avoiding the blunders of that cahpaign, we can carry it next time. As for myself, speaking for myself alone, I say I have no individual preference for a candidate for President. I am not a candidate for the nomination myself, but I am for the nominee whoever he may be."

HERR MOST IN COURT.

The Work of Securing a Jury to Try the Arch Dynamiter.

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—John Most, the anarchist, was placed on trial in the court of General Sessions to-day on the charge of inciting violence by an inflammatory speech a week ago last Saturday night.

He had been admitted to bail and entered the court room without the escort of policemen. He kept his hat on after entering until one of the court officers brusquely took it off his head. He is defended by Counselors Howe and Hummel, and Assistant District Attorney Nicoll, conducts the prosecution.

The work of getting a jury was begun and is pregressing very slowly, as the men called so far, express a decided prejudice against anarchy in general, and Most, in particular.

FROZEN TO DEATH.

Of Three Children Left Alone, One is Found Dead and Two Nearly So.

MARION, Ind., Nov. 22.—[Special wire.]—Henry Lockwood and family reside near here, and they came to town last Saturday morning. On their return the terrible blizzard compelled them to stop and spend the night with a neighbor. They had left three children, aged 8 and three years and 18 months, at home.

When they reached home yesterday they found the youngest girl frozen to death and the other two so numbed they could scarcely talk. The house in which they lived was a mere hovel.

THRILLING ACCIDENT.

A Two-Year-Old Child Falls Sixty Feet Down a Well Tube and Lodges—Efforts at Rescue.

WICHITA, Kas., Nov. 19.—In Wichita county a 2-year-old child of J. R. Hickman slipped down a one-foot tube used in a well 110 feet deep and lodged 60 feet from the surface.

The people for miles around congregated at the spot, and men began digging an excavation beside the tube, hoping in that way to reach the living grave of the child.

They had got down but thirty feet when the carrier of the news left, but intended to keep at work, expecting to have their task finished by morning. The scene was heartrending.

The tears of the mother were mingled with those of her neighbors, and now and then from the depths issued the cries of the child, impelling the men on to their work of rescue.

Secretary Whitney in Washington.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 22.—Secretary Whitney has returned to Washington in improved health. He was at the navy department a short time to-day and afterwards called on the President. He will not take an active part in the managemene of the navy department for some days.

BUSINESS BAROMETER.

R. G. Dun's Report of Trade for the Past Seven Days.

NEW YORK, Nov. 19.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says that more than more than one-third of the wheat which will leave the farms throughout the country in the entire year, was sold in this city during the past six days. Reported sales reached 107,300,000 bushels of wheat, 22,257,000 bushels of corn, 8,273,000 barrels of oil, 1,044,400 bales of cotton, and 468,000 bags of coffee.

Wheat advanced 3¼c, corn 4¼c, oats 1⅛c, oil 1½c and coffee ½c, while cotton declined 1-16c. Hogs, pork and pork products are excited, hogs rising 40c per 100 pounds and lard 20c. Tin jumped 3½c again and copper nearly 1c. The apprehended deficiency of supplies is the excuse for the excited advance in some products, but the bottom fact is that more currency is in circulation than ever before. Treasury deposits with the banks feed the speculative fever while removing the fear of monetary pressure at the chief centers of trade.

Business was generally active for the season, though at some points it is retarded by slow collections or recent failures. Exchanges last week fell below those of the same week last year, but the great increase at most of the western and southern cities continues.

At Chicago the relief after the hanging and funeral of the Anarchists gives new impetus; Omaha, collections satisfactory and trade good; Milwaukee, trade slightly dull; Memphis, some damage results from the long drouth; Nashville finds fires and failures embarrassing; the bank failure affects St. Louis; money continues close at Kansas City, and collecti ns are dull there; they are slow at Milwaukee and only fair at Nashville and Atlanta.

Great speculation in wheat goes on in spite of a decline of 3,200,000 bushels in October exports and 3,300,000 bushels in September. But the quantity remaining on hand November 1, after allowance for a full year's consumption, is 109,900,000 bushels; exports for the remaining months of the last crop year are 100,768,941 bushels.

Corn is excited because of the bureau reduction of 50,000,000 bushels in its estimates. At the same time pork products and cattle rise. To-day's markets showed a sharp reaction in grain, but whether the speculation culminates no one can say.

Cotton has reacted but little from the great advance caused by the bureau report, but receipts continue large beyond precedent.

Stocks have advanced an average of 6¾ points from the lowest a month ago, but showed some hesitation Thursday and Friday under large sales from Europe and elsewhere.

The iron consumption continues large and prices well held. Coal is in great demand.

Business failures in the past seven days number, in the United states, 205; Canada, 19; total, 224; compared with 217 last week and 242 for the corresponding week of last year.

RAILWAY MAIL SERVICE.

Interesting Figures From the Annual Report of the General Superintendent.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—The annual report of T. A. Nash, general superintendent of the railway mail service, shows that at the close of the fiscal year ended June 30, 1887, mail service had been authorized upon 130,959 miles of railway, postal clerks being employed distributing the mail on 116,609 miles, service on the remaining 14,360 miles being performed by closed pouches.

At the same date there were in operation 41 inland steamboat routes, aggregating 5,864 miles, on which postal clerks were employed. To handle the mails while in transit there were employed on railroad routes 4,403 and on steamboat routes 57 postal clerks, being a total of 4,460 men. While in the performance of their duty the postal clerks on railroads traveled (in crews) 107,067,643 miles, and those employed on steamboats 2,868,747 miles.

During the year the railway postal clerks distributed 5,834,690,875 pieces of ordinary mail matter, and paotected, recorded, receipted for and dispatched 15,752,569 registered packages and cases, and 950,613 through registered pouches and interior registered sacks. During the year 7,213 miles of new railroad service have been added, being an increase of 5.83 per cent.

The lines on which service was performed by clerks show an increase of 5,936 miles, or 5 37 per cent. Lines supplied by closed pouches were increased 8.30 per cent.

Inland steamboat lines decreased from 53 to 41; and the length of routes from 5,051.53 miles to 5,864 89.

The total number of clerks in the service at the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1887, was 4,573. In 1886 there were handled by clerks in the railway mail service of letters, ordinary mail matter, registered packages, through registered pouches and inner registered sacks, 5,345,846,044. In 1887, 5,851,394,057, being an increase of 505,548,013 pieces.

During the year 5,851,394,057 pieces of all classes of mail matter were handled, and out of this number 1,744,617 errors in distribution were found, making one error for each 3,373 pieces handled.

The expenditures for the service during the year aggregate $1,713,391, leaving $91,608 of the oppropriation unexpended. For the next fiscal year $2,051,288 is asked.

SCHEMING DEMOCRATS.

Unholy Action on their Part to Increase their Scanty Majority in the House of Representatives.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 18.—The Democrats in Congress were badly disappointed by the result of the recent Congressional election in Rhode Island, for the reason that as the House now stands the Republicans would be able to elect the next President should there be no choice of a candidate at the polls.

The Democrats have a majority of the whole membership, but not a controlling vote in as many different state delegations. Were the election, according to the throws into the House the vote would be by states, each state having one vote. A scheme is now on foot to make sure of the election of a Democrat in such an emergency.

The seats of the two Republicans from California are contested, that of Felton by Sullivan, and that of Vancleve by Lynch. The ousting of the two Republicans in these contests and the seating of the Democrats would give the control of the delegation to the party of the latter, or, if only one of the Republicans was ousted the delegation from the state would stand a tie, and therefore lose its vote in the election of a President. There are one or two other state delegations where a change of one vote would put the Democrats in power, but there are no contested seats from them. There is a contested seat in the Indiana delegation. Ex-Congressman Lowry wants the seat for which Representative-elect White holds a certificate.

Now if the contestants were seated in each of these three cases, from the two states of California and Indiana, then a Democrat would be elected President were the choice devolved upon the House. Realizing the desperate situation in which they are placed, there are many Democrats who are all ready to vote on the contested question. They care not whether their party men have a good case or not so long as the contestants will vote the Democratic ticket. Most of the Democratic members will not care to question the testimony on which the contests are brought to the House.

THE BAPTISTS.

Interesting Discussions at their Meeting in Indianapolis.

INDIANAPOLIS, Nov. 17.—Baptist congress continued its session yesterday at 2 o'clock. During the morning a meeting of the executive committee was held. The question of whether women were intended to be included in the organization arose, and the matter referred for decision to executive committee of fifteen. The plan of organization was changed so as to provide for the repeal of the section allowing admission of annual members upon payment of a fee of $2. Henceforth the admittance fee will $5 with a yearly amount of the same. At 2 o'clock the question for discussion, "The Secular Press" was announced. A paper was read by Robert J. Burdette. He thought, as a whole, the papers were better now than at any previous time, and were generally conducted in a manner well calculated to meet the demands and approval of the best classes of the community. The paper was highly appreciated by tee audience.

He was followed by Dr. Lasher on "The Religious Press." Dr. H. L. Wayland, who was to open the discussion, was not present, and his paper was read by Dr. G. D. Boardman. The reading of the paper was followed by short addresses by L. L. Eaton, of Louisville; Dr. Lockwood, of Cincinnati; Dr. Woodruff, of East Saginaw; Rev. W. M. Lawrence, of Chicago. In evening "Improved Methods of Theological Education" were discussed by Dr. W. C. Wilkinson, Tarrytown, N. Y., and Dr. H. C. Mabil, St. Paul.

The second topic was Women's Work in the church," and the speakers were Dr. W. M. Lawrence, Chicago; C. H. Strickland, Nashville; J. W. Willsworth, Philadelphia,

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FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

A Crisis Believed to be Near at Hand in the German Empire—The Royal Family in a Precarious Condition.

BERLIN, Nov. 22.—A German writer has cabled to New York in substanced as follows: The writer says that the empire of Germany is on the eve of an immense catastrophe, and declares that he knows whereof he speaks, as he has been since boyhood a close friend of the Crown Prince.

After speaking of the crown prince, he says the public is unaware of the very precarious state of health of Prince William, of Prussia. His condition has been thrown completely in the background for the moment by the sudden and overwhelming realization of his father's fatal malady and his grandfather's ever-increasing weakness and disability.

The writer then goes on to say that the conjectures of the succession of Prince William will never be realized. The young man is suffering in a severe degree from the same peculiar disease which carried off the late king of Prussia, after rendering him completely insane during the last few years of his reign.

In the event of his insanity or death and on the decease of the old Kaiser and of the Crown Prince the succession devolves upon Prince William's little 4-year old son. A bitter struggle would then ensue for the regency in which the Berlin Junker and court party is determined that the Crown Princess shall have no share. There is not a member of the imperial family who would be so to undertake the regency if the Crown Princess were left out of consideration. The question of the regency is further complicated by the inevitable disappearance from the political arena before many years have elapsed of Prince Bismarck, whose failing health will scarcely admit of his long surviving his present master. He leaves no one to take his place.

Startling as these statements may seem, and regardless of their denials in the German press, they are credited by the masses throughout the empire. The visit of the Czar of Russia here has not tended to quiet the unrest prevalent.

INTO GERMANY.

The Czar and Czarina Take Their Trip to Berlin.

BERLIN, Nov. 18.—The Czar of Russia arrived in Berlin this morning. The preparations to receive him were in keeping with his rank. At 10 o'clock the Alexander regiment, in parade uniform, took position in the Alsentrosse esplanade. They were to act as a guard of honor at the depot.

A company of the second regiment of the guard with a band and colors and one company of the Alexander regiment with colors were stationed in front of the Russian embassy.

Prince William, of Prussia, went to Willenberg early this morning to join the train bearing the Russian Imperial family.

At the Berlin depot were gathered the Royal Prussian princes, the hereditary prince of Saxe-Meiningen, Duke John, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Gen. Von Moltke, and all the generals of the Berlin and Potsdam garrisons.

On the arrival of the imperial train, at 10:40 a m., the czar passed in front of the guard of honor at the depot, being accompanied by Prince William and the other Prusian princes and General VonMaltke.

Emperor William started for the Russian embassy at 11 o'clock. The czar and czarina were driven to the emissay.

The Czar, with Prince William, of Prussia, occupied an open carriage, drawn by four horses. Both wore Russian uniforms.

The czarina and princess followed in a closed carriage. Dense crowds of people were collected in Unter-Dem-Linden from the Brandenburg gate to the Lehrte depot and the imperial party were greeted with enthusiasm as they passed along the thoroughfare.

Arriving at the embassy the czar received three flags as colonel of the Alexander regiment, and a general officer, a non commissioned officer and a private reported themselves to act as orderlies.

All the Princes, the Czar's Suite, the members of the Russian Embassy and their wives and Prince Bitmark and all the Prussian ministers and generals will attend the banquet at the palace this evening.

The leading Berlin papers say they are convinced that the populace will will receive the Czar with the respect due to the Emperors guests.

They will consider the visit an act of courtesy, to which the could hardly attach a political meaning. The papers say they believe the Czar will be able to convince himself, when he meets the Emperor, of the pacific bent of the German policy.

The *North German Gazette* (Prince Bismarck's organ) does not refer to the czar's visit.

The Czar and Prince William alighted in front of the Embassy at 11:10 and passed along in front of the guard of honor which was drawn up there.

The princess and the czarina remained in their carriage.

The Czar had intended to first visit Emperor William, but he was anticipated by the latter, who went to the embassy and awaited the arrival of the czar. The emperor was dressed in a Russian uniform, and wore his Russian orders.

He received the Czar on his entering the Embassy, in a most cordial manner. All the princes who were at the depot followed the Czar to the Embassy. After the three flags of the Alexander Regiment were delivered to the czar, the guard of honor at the embassy marched past the building before both emperors, who stood together at a window. The emperor remained at the embassey three quarters of an hour and then returned to the palace.

He was warmly cheered by the people. At 11:30 the czar, accompanied by Gen. Van Werder, returned the emperors visit. The Czar is in fine health. The weather is bright and frosty.

THE FRENCH CRISIS.

M. Goblet Summoned — Clemenceau Thinks President Grevy's Resignation One of the Probabilities.

PARIS, Nov. 21.—M. Goblet was summoned to the Elysee palace and requested to form a cabinet. He asked for time to study the situation.

President Grevy has summoned Clemenceau to a conference at 10 o'clock in the morning. The summoning of Clemenceau by President Grevy indicates the speedy resignation of the latter.

Clemenceau declared publidly on Saturday that President Grevy could only retain office if he found a responsible politician to form a cabinet under him.

M. Clemenceau had an interview with President Grevy this morning and informed him that he was ready to form a cabinet. He said, however, that he was bound to indicate to the president that there were other elements besides the ministerial question to complicate the situation.

M. Clemenceau and other prominent politicians will have another conference to-night with M. Grevy.

In the Chamber of Deputies to-day M. Jolibois moved that the constitution be revised, urging that the sole remedy for the present situation was to restore the people's right to nominate the head of the state and thus make the people the arbiter, instead of, as at present, the plaything of political parties.

M. Barotedel and M. Michlin spoke in favor of a revision of the constitution, in order, as they said, to abolish the presidency. The demand for urgency for M. Jolibois's motion was rejected by 38 to 173.

M. Michelin then moved for urgency for a proposal to abolish the presidency.

M. Jolibois supported the motion.

M. Ribot appealed to the United Republicans to refuse their assent to the proposal which he said tended to discredit the republic.

M. Michelin's motion was rejected by 369 to 191, and the chamber adjourned until Thursday.

Prince Napoleon has sent a letter to Baron Dufaur, a member of the Chamber of Deputies, saying that the resignation of President Grevy is necessary and indirectly proposing himself as his successor.

A SERMON FROM LIFE.

The Rev. Dr. Bolton, who Attended the Anarchists During their Last Hours Preaches From That Text.

CHICAGO, Nov. 21.—The Rev. Dr. Bolton, of the First Methodist church, who attended the executed anarchists during their last hours, compares their death with that of the impenitent thief, who was crucified with Jesus. Fielden and Schwab are likened to the thief on the cross who sought forgiveness.

Dr. Bolton's comparison was the subject chosen yesterday by him for his regular weekly sermon. The Doctors audience was a large one. He said: "Men are moved, led and influenced very largely by the thought and presence of other men. This impenitent thief on the cross had con a leader in his profession—a robber of notable, perhaps national reputation. Such was sure to have made many admirers and supporters who in the hour of his imprisonment sent him cheer until his life was pushed out into an abnormal channel, and he lived on the flattery and cheer of his fellows.

"Now as he is led out, multitudes follow him and strengthen him with their presence and words. How can he recant in their presence, when many of them had taken lessons in robbery from him?

"Nor is it strange, when he heard the soldiers and rabble waiting from below that he, out of his torture, should join them.

"It takes more of a man to change, acknowledge his wrong and seek for pardon under such circumstances than it does to die in sin defiantly."

The preacher described the anarchists nervously walking from the door to the back of the cells—"walking like caged tigers when all hope of escape is gone. At the end of the men call for and receive liquors—one declines, but ask for a cup of strong coffee, which is given him."

"Now," he says, "I die like Jesus did—at the hands of my murderers."

"Why," I asked.

"Because I cannot help it."

"They move to the scaffold, but they move together, looking into each others face, cheered and sustained from within by stimulants and from without by the cheers of thousands who think as they thought, and have been taught by them.

"When the caps fall over their eyes, light is shut out, they see each other no more, and are stimulated no more by the presence of officials and newspaper men whom they look upon as their enemies.

"They begin to speak, but oh, the last wistful, pale, unearthly look of one to me as the cap fell over his face and he began (not knowing what he was saying) to talk. Thus they die, unrepentant, recklessly, without hope, and 10,000 will take courage to do their works of violence and die in sin as these men did. But remember, 'he is a fool who saith there is no God.'"

ARENSDORF'S TRIAL.

Evidence Against Him Much Stronger Than in the First Case.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, Nov. 21.—The first surprise made by the prosecution in the second trial of John Arensdorf, the brewer, for the murder of the prohibition advocate, Rev. George C. Haddock, was developed in court this morning.

Ex-Superintendent of Water-works Robson testified that Arensdorf left Junk's saloon in company with the other defendants, and that he saw him go to the rear with the same party to the scene of the murder.

He watched them going in that direction for over 100 feet. The cross-examination did not break the force of the direct testimony. In the former trial Arensdorf sought to establish an alibi by testimony that he came out of Junk's and went east from the scene of the murder.

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BLAINE A CANDIDATE.

Ex-Congressman Sweat on the Coming Political Canvass.

PORTLAND, Me., Nov. 18.—Ex-Congressman L. D. M. Sweat, who has just returned from Europe, said yesterday in the course of an interview: "I met Mr. Blaine while in Paris. I have known Mr. Blaine for 40 years and never saw him apparently in better health or spirits."

"Do you believe that Mr. Blaine will be renominated?"

"I have no doubt at all on that point, and of course he will accept the nomination. What else can he do? What is he living for? He will make a strong run. Everything was said about him before that could be said, and he will be open to no new attacks. I regard Blaine as the strongest man the Republicans can put in the field, but he will be again defeated by President Cleveland."

"You expect to see President Cleveland nominated?"

"Certainly, there is nobody else to nominate. He is stronger to-day than at any previous time. I believe Mr. Blaine would consider him a stronger man t orun against than anybody else. As for Blaine, he is having a good time in Europe. He will be feasted. He knows that, and therefore isn't giving himself any trouble about the matter."

THE DEAD DYNAMITERS.

Still Discussing the Question of Their Final Resting Place.

CHICAGO, Nov. 18.—[Special wire.]—The directors of Waldheim cemetery met yesterday afternoon to consider the disposal of the five dead anarchists. After a two-hour discussion of the matter, adopted the following:

Resolved, By the Board of Directors of the Waldheim Cemetery company, that the corpse of no person who has been sentenced and executed by legal authority shall be allowed a burial place in the said cemetery, unless the lot wherein it is proposed to bury it shall have been owned by said deceased, or one of his near relatives by blood, and the deed for the same recorded on the company's books prior to sentence and execution.

The board of directors may, by a majority vote of all the directors, grant exemptions from the forgoing, but its directions for the location of the proposed grave must be strictly obeyed.

Pursuant to this resolution a committee was appointed to confer with the representatives of the friends of the deceased, looking to a location in the cemetery, should the friends decide to inter the remains in Waldheim.

SPARKS RESIGNS.

He Writes a Letter to Grover First and Pays His Respects to Lamar.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 16.—Land Commissioner Sparks has written a letter to the President, in which he defends his decisions, which were overruled by Secretary Lamar. He says that he has a right to ask Secretary Lamar to review his own decisions, that the questions he raised in his letter to Secretary Lamar were questions of law, not of authority; that Lamar has not yet answered those questions, that his letter to Lamar was couched in respectful language, and concludes by tendering his resignation.

The President has accepted the resignation of Commissioner Sparks, to take effect to-day.

COMMENCING THE WORK.

The Fisheries Commission Meets to Map Out Their Work.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—The British fishery commissioners called at the department of state at noon, where they were met by Messrs. Putram and Angel, the American negotiators. They were shown into the diplomatic reception room, where they were joined by Secretary Bayard. It is understood the conference which is now in progress, is preliminary in its nature, and will be devoted to the arrangement of the details of the regular meetings.

Market Column.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, }
Wednesday, Nov. 23, 1887. }

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—3 P. M.—The stock market closed quiet and steady at about opening figures.

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ending Saturday.

Reserve—decrease	$ 1,099,400
Loans—increase	1,231,400
Specie—decrease	
Legal tenders—increase	1,367,900
Deposits—decrease	₴2,494,800
Circulation—decrease	600,000

The banks now hold $7,488,000 in excess of the 25 per cent. rule.

The following shows the changes in government bonds during the past week:

	Nov. 22.	Nov. 15.
4½'s coupons	108⅞	108⅜
4's coupons	126⅜	126⅜
Pacific 6's of '95	121	121½

NEW YORK, Nov. 22.—Noon.—Money is easy at 4@5 per cent.; bar silver, 95¼c.

The stock market was fairly active after 11 o'clock, with Union Pacific and Richmond & West Point most prominent in the dealings. Prices continued generally firm and the two stocks mentioned with Wheeling & Lake Erie were strong, the latter advancing ⅞ per cent. There was no feature to the remainder whatever and the market at noon was quiet and firm at closing prices of stocks to-day on Wall street: Can. So., 58⅜; D. & H. 104; D. L. & W., 134⅜; Erie, 30⅝; H. C., 124; J. C.,